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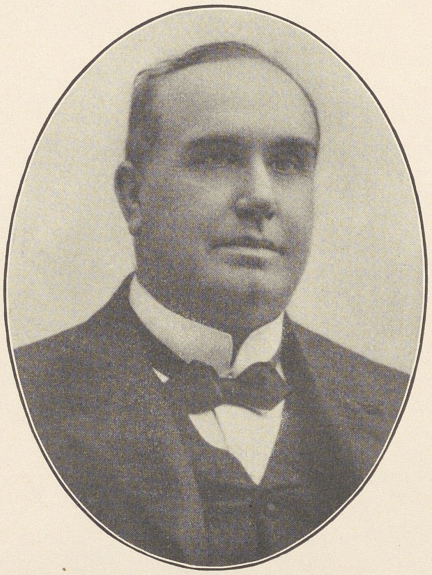
The SONGS of PAUL DRESSER



OUR PAUL DRESSER

Many years ago a boy was born on Walnut Street, down near the river—a boy who had a strange career. He was not a little tin god; but he was not a bad boy, he was only fun-loving and adventuresome. His parents were poor and there were many sisters and brothers, so that he was compelled early to go to work. He worked in a bakery on North Fourth Street, he sold newspapers in the postoffice, and he had several other jobs here in town. He then became a minstrel man in a cheap road company, and later in a better company.

As time went on he became an actor in comedy, and he wrote several popular plays. Also he was always writing songs. And once, in an hour of inspiration, he wrote a song about his home city, Terre Haute, a song that has been sung in every state in the Union, and has crossed the sea into foreign lands, a song that has touched to tender emotion the hearts of millions of persons.

Our own Paul Dresser was a big-hearted, pleasure-loving, tuneful soul. He never knowingly did anyone any wrong. He lightened the burdens of millions by his melodies.

"On the Banks of the Wabash" is calling us! It is the song of our city, of our state; it is the beloved song of a nation. It celebrates us where even the name of our city is unknown. It will be more enduring than granite shafts. It is the gift of one of our sons to the universal tenderness of the human heart.

—MAX EHRMANN

The SONGS of PAUL DRESSER

With an Introduction by
His Brother
THEODORE DREISER

Published by
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1927

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Concerning the Author of These Songs

by

THEODORE DREISER

ON the banks of the Wabash in Terre Haute, Indiana, on April 2, 1857, my brother Paul was born. My first recollection of him is as a man of twenty-five—I was but ten. He had come back to the town in which we were then living solely to find his mother and help her. Six or seven years before he had left without any explanation as to where he was going, tired of or irritated by the routine of a home which, for any genuine opportunity it afforded him, might as well never have existed.

It was run dominantly by my father in the interest of certain religious and moral theories with which this guitar-picking, piano-playing, song-singing boy had little sympathy. Placed in a school which was to turn him out a priest, he had decamped, and now, after this length of time, was here in this small town, with fur coat and silk hat, a smart cane—a gentleman of the theatrical profession. He had joined a minstrel show somewhere and had become an end-man. He had suspected that his mother was not as fortunate in this world's goods as she might be and so had returned. He was already the author of a cheap song-book "The Paul Dresser Songster" (all the songs sung in the show) a copy of which he gave me. I recall how he hung about my mother in the kitchen, how enthusiastically he related all his plans for the future, his amusing difficulties in the past. For his first job after leaving the seminary had been with a medicine show. While wandering the streets of Indianapolis looking for work, he had seen a Hamlin's Wizard Oil outfit. This was a large covered wagon carrying a lecturer, who told the people about the wonders of the cure-all medicine. It also had an entertainer to gather the people. Here was an opportunity to sing, to write songs, and to earn a living into the bargain. He showed the manager what he could do, and was employed at once. Thus, at about sixteen years of age, the future composer became a medicine-wagon minstrel. And from that humble beginning he in turn was both end and middle man with one, two or three different minstrel companies of repute; the editor or originator and author of a "funny column" in a western small city paper; the author of more than one hundred and sixty songs; a black-face monologue artist; a white-face ditto at Tony Pastor's, Miner's and Niblo's of the old days; a comic lead; co-star and star in such melodramas and

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farces as "The Danger Signal," "The Two Johns," "A Tin Soldier," "The Midnight Bell," "A Green Goods Man" (a farce which he himself wrote) and others.

When I first came to New York he was easily the foremost popular songwriter of the day. The firm of which he was a part had a floor or two in an old residence turned office building, as so many were and are in New York, in twentieth street very close to Broadway. And here, during the summer months (1894-7) when the various theatrical road-companies had returned for the closed season, he was to be found aiding his concern in the reception and care of possible applicants for songs and attracting by his personality such virtuosi of the vaudeville and musical comedy stage as were likely to make the instrumental publications of his firm a success. Its songs, as well as his, were everywhere. He had in turn a suite at the Gilsey House, the Marlborough, the Normandie—always on Broadway. The limelight district was his home. He rose in the morning to the clang of the cars and the honk of the automobiles outside; he retired at night as a gang of repair men under flaring torches might be repairing a track, or the milk trucks were rumbling to and from the ferries. He was in his way a public favorite, a shining light in the theatre managers' offices, hotel bars and lobbies and wherever those passing celebrities of the sporting, theatrical, newspaper and other worlds are wont to gather.

Apropos of this, I remember once he had a new story to tell and was determined to be the first to tell it along Broadway. At between six and seven of a spring evening, we (for he had insisted that I accompany him) issued from his suite at the Gilsey House and invaded the bar below. A whiskey, a cigar, the story told to one, two, three, five, roars of laughter, and we were off, over the way to Weber and Fields (the musical comedy house supreme of those days) where to the ticket seller and house manager, it was told. More laughter, a cigar perhaps. Then to the ticket seller at Palmer's Theatre at thirtieth street, thence to the bar of the Grand Hotel at thirty-first, the Imperial at thirty-second, the Martinique at thirty-third, a famous drug-store at the southwest corner of thirty-fourth and Broadway, now gone of course.

Then to the quondam Hotel Aulic at thirty-fifth and Broadway—a most impressive actors' rendezvous where might be seen in the course of an evening all the "second leads" and "light comedians" and "heavies" of various road companies, all blazing with startling clothes and explaining how they "knocked 'em dead" in Peoria, Pasadena, Walla Walla and Oshkosh. Among these my brother shone like a star when only one is in the sky.

Over the way then to the Herald Building where was a business manager whom he knew. Then to the Herald Square Theatre on the opposite side of the street, thence to the Knickerbocker Theatre at thirty-eighth, and at last by such slow stages to the very door of the then Mecca of Meccas of all theatredom—the Hotel Metropole at Broadway and forty-second, the then extreme northern limit

of the white light district. Here among the rounders ensconced at round tables, their backs against the leather-cushioned wall seats, their bodies bedecked in loud clothes, their bright straw hats, canes, diamonds, "hot" socks—a glory to behold —my brother rested for a while. And to them his story was told not once, but seven, eight, ten times. The roars of laughter, the drinks! A seedy, shabby, ne'er-do-well of a song writer stopping the successful author in the midst of a tale, betimes, to borrow a dollar. Another actor, shabby and distrait, reciting the sad tale of a year's misfortunes.

Yet out of such a world as this he built so many of his songs, gathered many of his most interesting melodic moods. He was not exactly of them in spirit, of that I am sure, yet found comfort and encouragement in their esteem. I also feel at times that had he been conventionally educated in music, he might have composed operas and symphonies. Certainly, the composer Gottschalk, a friend and admirer of his, thought an American symphony could easily be made of several of his melodies. Never having had the training which would permit him to interpret anything in a refined musical way, still he was ever full of melodies of a tender, sometimes sad, sometimes gay nature—that of the ballad-maker of a nation. And constantly he was attempting to work them out, brooding over the piano or the organ, wherever he might find one, and improvising at times various sad and wistful strains, some of which he jotted down, others of which, having mastered, he strove to fit words to. More, he seemed to have a peculiar fondness for the twilight hour, at which time most often he might be found thrumming over one or another strain, until at last some particular one would capture his fancy and presently he might be in tears. The sighings over home and mother and lost sweethearts and dead heroes that were here! Yet with something in the completed song or mood which gave it the wide appeal which most of his songs enjoyed. They bespoke, as I always felt, a wistful, seeking, uncertain temperament, tender and illusioned, with no practical knowledge of any side of life, yet full of a true poetic feeling for the mystery and pathos of life and death, the wonder of the waters, the stars, the flowers, accidents of life, success, failure.

Beginning with a song called "Wide Wings" (published by a small retail music house in Evansville, Indiana) and followed by such national successes as "The Letter that Never Came" "I Believe it, for My Mother Told Me So," "The Pardon Came Too Late," "Just Tell Them that You Saw Me," "The Blue and the Grey," "Only A Volunteer," "On the Banks of the Wabash" and numberless others, he was never content to rest and never really happy, I think, save when composing.

I recall being with him when he composed two of his famous successes: "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me" and "On the Banks of the Wabash." The first of these songs followed an actual encounter with a girl whose life had seemingly if not actually gone to wreck on the shore of love. He came into the office of his

publishing house one gray November Sunday afternoon and, going into a small room in which was a piano, he began improvising, repeating over and over a certain strain which was evidently in his mind. A little while later he came out and said: "Listen to this, will you, Thee?"

He played and sang the first verse and chorus. In the middle of the latter, so moved was he by the sentiment of it, his voice broke and he had to stop. Tears stood in his eyes and he wiped them away. Later—the following spring—I was literally astonished to see how, after those various methods usually employed by popular music publishers to make a song "go"—advertising it in the theatrical papers, getting various vaudeville singers to sing it, and so forth—it suddenly began to sell, thousands and thousands of copies being wrapped in great bundles and shipped to various parts of the country. Letters and telegrams from all parts of the country began to pour in—"Forward express today ..... copies of Dresser's "Tell Them That You Saw Me." Comedians on the stage, newspaper paragraphers, his bank teller or his tailor, even staid business men wishing to appear "up-to-date" used the title of the song as a parting salute. The hand-organs, the bands and the theatre orchestras everywhere were using it. It was wonderful, the enormous furore that it seemed to create.

And it was the same with "On the Banks of the Wabash," possibly an even greater success, which has now been adopted by Paul's native state as its state song. In an almost unintentional way I had a hand in that, and it has always cheered me to think I had, although I never had the least talent for musical composition or song versification. It was one of those delightful summer Sunday mornings (1896) and we had gone over to the office to do a little work.

"What do you suppose would make a good song these days?" he asked in an idle, meditative mood, sitting at the piano and thrumming while I, at a nearby table, was examining some magazines. "Why don't you give me an idea once in a while?"

"Why don't you write something about a State or a river?" I retorted. "Look at 'My Old Kentucky Home', 'Dixie', 'Old Black Joe'—why don't you do something like that? Take Indiana, what's the matter with it—the Wabash River? It's as good as any other river, and you were 'raised' beside it."

I smile now when I recall the apparent zest with which he at once seized on this. "That's not a bad idea," he agreed. "Why don't you write the words and let me put the music to them? We'll do it together."

"But I can't," I replied. "I don't know how to do these things. You write it. I'll help, maybe."

After a little urging, however, I took a piece of paper and scribbled in the most tentative manner the first verse and chorus of that song almost as it was published. I think one or two lines were too long or didn't rhyme, and eventually he hammered them into shape. He read it, insisted that it was fine and that I

should do a second verse, something with a story in it—a girl, perhaps, a task which I solemnly rejected.

Some time later, disagreeing with him—my fault, I am sure—I left. Time passed and I heard nothing. One Spring night, however, the following year, as I was lying in bed trying to sleep, I heard a quartette of boys in the distance. At first I could not make out the words, but the melody attracted my attention. It was plaintive and compelling. I listened, attracted, satisfied that it was a new popular success that had "caught on". As they drew near my window I heard the words, "On the Banks of the Wabash" most mellifluously harmonized.

I jumped up. A part of the words were mine—my careless, indifferent gift to him. But made by his melody and labor into something so much more appealing than I could ever have imagined. It was Paul's song—my very successful and admirable brother. He had another "hit" then. And they were already singing it in the street. In three months more it was everywhere—in the papers, on the stage, on the street-organs, played by orchestras, bands, whistled and sung every place.

The genesis of another song of his relates to the early days in Terre Haute, when business men frequently sat in front of their places of business, and received their friends there. As I learned afterwards, Paul and a friend of his, comfortably seated in front of the latter's store, were chatting one summer afternoon, when an elderly lady, seemingly very tired, stopped in front of them. The business man arose and said: "Lady, won't you have a chair?" Shortly thereafter another Dresser song was born, bearing the title, "Take A Seat, Old Lady."

Modest and unimportant as these details must appear to some, for me they have the tang and the flavor of a gay and tender temperament at once kindly and lovable, imbedded in a most unsophisticated and illusioned, and yet energetic and constructive period of our national life. The popularity of his—and other songs like his. The accuracy with which they set forth the moods, the reactions and the aspirations of the exceedingly humble, intellectually and emotionally. "The Convict and the Bird," "The Pardon Came Too Late," "I Believe it for My Mother Told Me So." Consider the titles alone. And then reflect that they sold into hundreds of thousands, and when our national population was so much smaller. What other than an innocent-minded and deeply illusioned and unsophisticated democracy could this indicate?

Personally the temperament of my brother was a compound of agile geniality, unmarred by thought of a serious character. He was, as I say, warm and genuinely tender and with a taste for simple beauty which at times was most impressive—simple, middle-class romance, middle-class humor, middle-class tenderness. And out of this middle-class milieu, which he so accurately reflected, his songs were born. Invariably I found him ebullient and radiant. Easily cast down at times by the most trivial matters, at others, and for the most part,

he was so spirited and bubbly and emotional and sentimental that your fiercest or most gloomy intellectual rages or moods could scarcely withstand his smile. And I believe this spirit, which he was able to infuse into his songs, is the very essence of their wide and enduring appeal. This tenderness or sympathy of his, a very human appreciation of the weaknesses and errors as well as the toils and tribulations of most of us, was by far his most outstanding and engaging quality. He was generous to the point of self-destruction, and that is literally true. He was the mark, if not the prey of all those who desired much or little for nothing, those who previously might not have rendered him a service of any kind.

He was not quite fifty-five when he died. It was really due to the failure of his firm, and what he foolishly deemed to be the end of his financial and social glory. Fantastic as it may seem, to be shut out from the bright world of which he deemed himself an essential figure was all but unendurable. He had no ready money now—he could not greet his old time friends so gaily, entertain so freely. He tried in this situation to write songs, but he could not. They were too morbid. What he needed was someone to buoy him up, someone who would have taken his affairs in hand and shown him what to do. As it was, he had no one. His friends, like winter-frightened birds, had already departed. Within a year the doctor told me Paul could not live. "He was breaking down inside—was too depressed."

I knew it was so and what the remedy was—money and success once more, the petty pettings and flattery of that little world of which he had been part, but which now was no more for him. He found broken horse shoes (a "bad sign"), met cross-eyed women, another "bad sign", was pursued apparently by the inimical number thirteen—and all these little straws depressed him horribly. One day on coming back home he found one of his hats lying on his bed, accidentally put there by one of my sister's children, and he was all but petrified by the sight of it. To him it was the death-sign. Someone had told him so. Then one evening in November about five in the afternoon he died. There were tears, a band of reporters from the newspapers, the next day obituary news articles, and after that a host of friends and flowers, flowers, flowers. At the last obsequies held in St. Francis Xavier's Church at 16th Street and 6th Avenue, New York, the rector of which was an admiring friend of his, all Broadway was present. His latest song was read from the altar.

But, personally, I still think of him as on Broadway between twenty-ninth and forty-second streets, the spring and summer time at hand, the doors of the grills and bars of the hotels open, the rout of actors and actresses ambling to and fro, his own delicious presence dressed in his best, his "funny" stories, his songs being ground out by the hand organs, his friends extending their hands, clapping him on the shoulder, cackling over the latest idle yarn.

THE SONGS OF PAUL DRESSER

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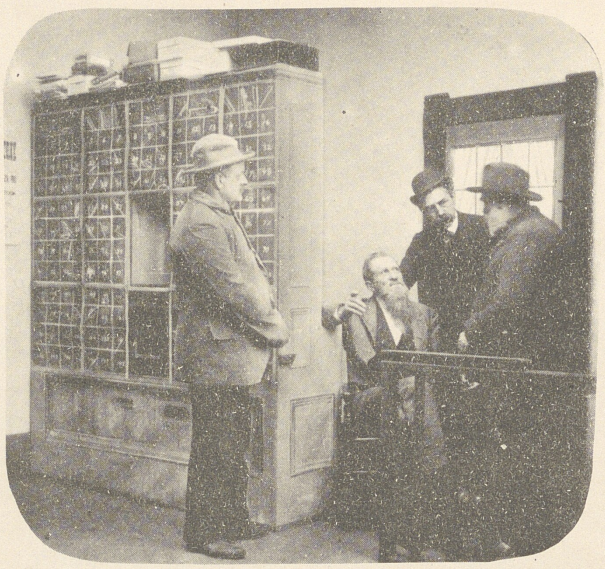
The SONGS of PAUL DRESSER



THE LETTER THAT NEVER CAME

A letter here for me? was the question that he asked
Of the mailman at the closing of the day—
He turned sadly with a sigh, while a tear stood in his eye,
Then he bow'd his head and slowly walked away;
Then he murmured, "Can it be,
Will it never come to me?"
Had he waited all these many years in vain?
Yet from early morning's light,
He would watch till dark at night,
For that letter, but alas! it never came.

Chorus

Was it from a gray-haired mother,
A sister or a brother,
Had he waited all the many years in vain?
Yet from early morning light,
He would watch with spirits light,
But the letter that he longed for never came.

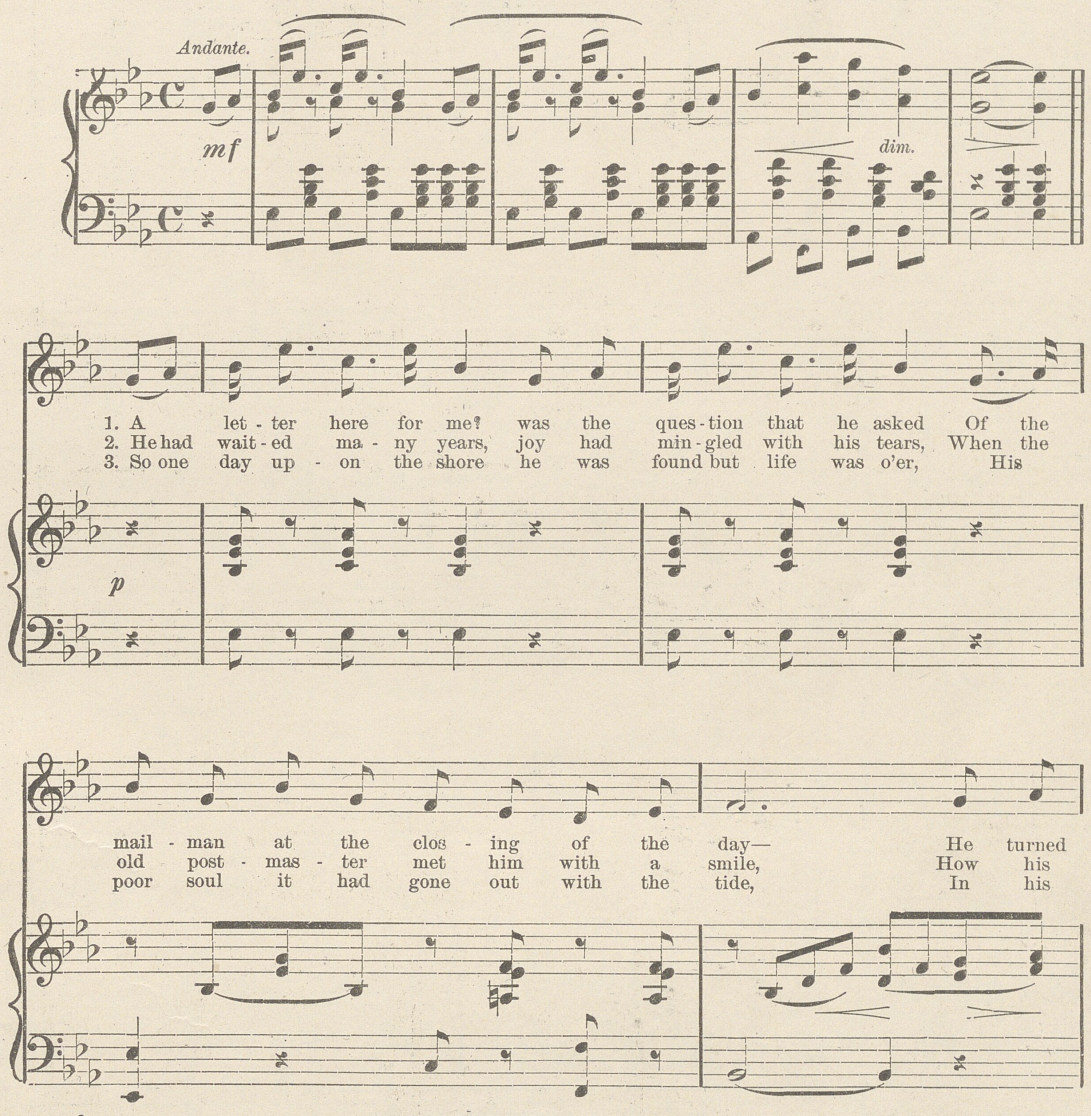
He had waited many years, joy had mingled with his tears,
When the old postmaster met him with a smile,
How his features they would brighten, and his sad heart seem to lighten,
But his vain hopes lasted only a little while;
When the postmaster would say,
"There is nothing here today,"
He'd bemoan his fate, yet no one would he blame,
Then he murmured, "Surely
She must sometimes think of me,"
Still he wondered why that missive never came.

So one day upon the shore he was found but life was o'er,
His poor old soul it had gone out with the tide,
In his hand they found a note, with the last words that he wrote,
"Should a letter come, please place it by my side,"
Sweet flowers twine around
His tombstone o'er his mound,
On which was scrawled his age, also his name,
Many years have gone they say,
Since his spirit passed away,
But the letter that he longed for never came.

THE LETTER THAT NEVER CAME.

Song and Chorus.

Words + music by Paul Dresser



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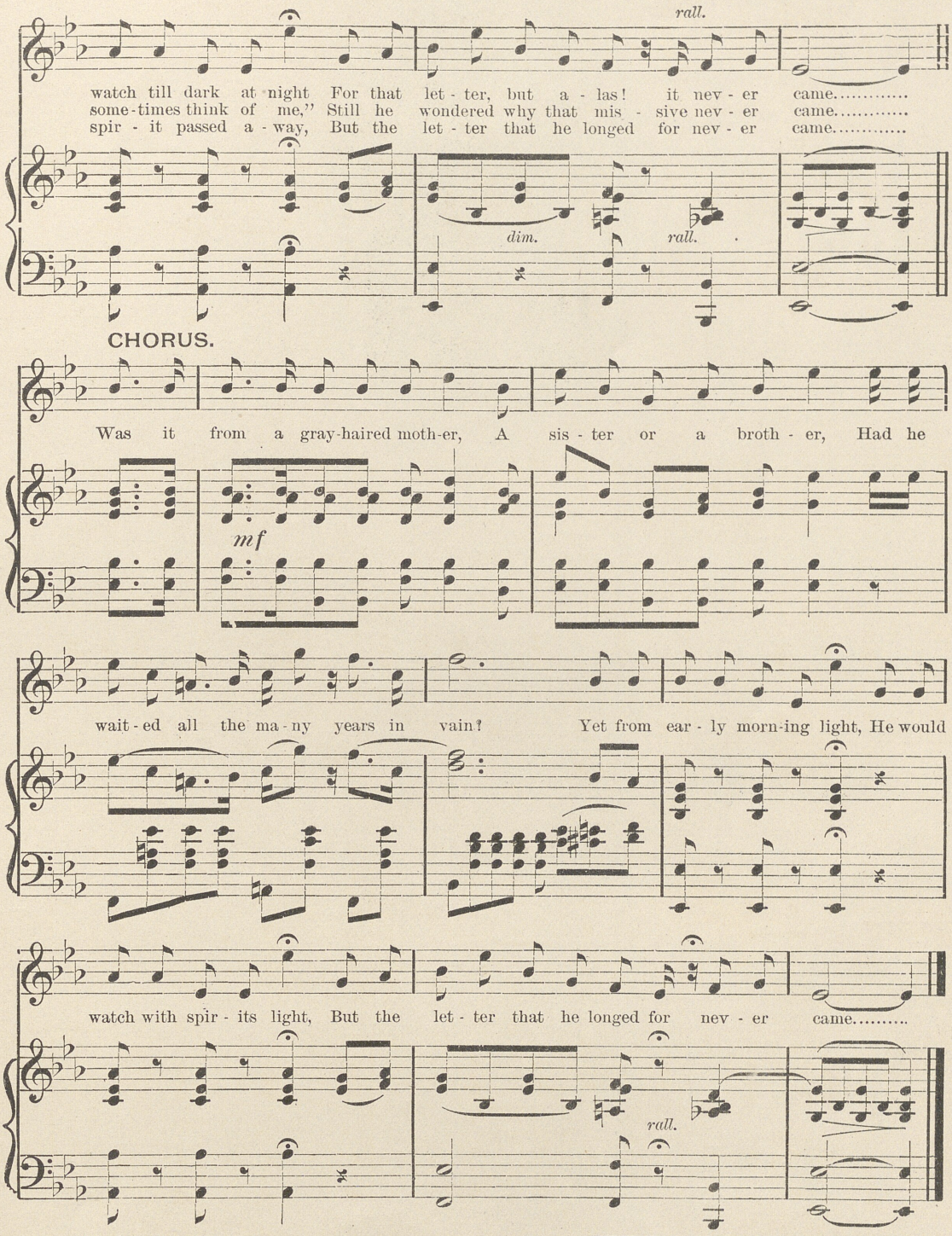

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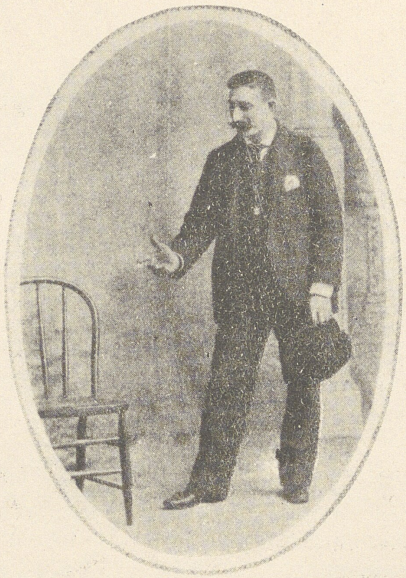

TAKE A SEAT, OLD LADY

A story I'm going to tell,
Of a woman old and gray;
Wand'ring the street in the snow and sleet,
At close of a winter's day;
In front of a building grand,
Quite weary she sinks in a chair;
When a youth inside,
With overbearing pride,
Orders her away from there!
Next door there stood a newsboy,
Who owned a little stand,
Who saw the poor old creature driven from the building grand.
He ran into his humble store,
As tho' 'twere childish play,
Bro't a chair from out the place,
With a smile upon his face,
These words I heard him say:

Chorus

Take a seat old lady,
For you are welcome there,
Do not hesitate ma'am,
For I own that chair;
I know you must be tired,
Besides, you're old and gray,
You'll find it there and welcome, when you pass this way.

In silence she sat for awhile,
And the tears coursed down her cheek.
Her thoughts seem'd to wander to days gone by,
Poor soul, she could scarcely speak;
At last she arose and said,
With lips that were trembling and blue;
I'll remember thee,
Some day you'll hear from me,
Once I had a boy like you!
Three years have come and gone, once more,
The same old spot I see,
The youth he gets a letter,
Wond'ring from whence it may be,
He opens it, it tells a tale,
The woman she is dead,
She had died without a kin,
Left her thousands all to him,
Thro' the sweet, kind words he said.

TAKE A SEAT, OLD LADY.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Moderato.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

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1. A sto - ry I'm go - ing to tell, Of a wom - an old and gray; Wan-d'ring the street in the snow and sleet, At close of a winter's day; In front of a building grand, Quite wea - ry she sinks in a

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più animato

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thousands all to him, Thro' the sweet, kind words he said;

CHORUS.

Take a seat old la - dy, For you are wel - come there,

p

Do not hes - i - tate ma'am, For I own that chair; I know you must be tired, Be-

sides, you're old and gray, You'll find it there and welcome, when you pass this way.

ONCE EV'RY YEAR.

Far away I know a churchyard, where a gentle maid is sleeping,
Beneath a marble monument that points towards the sky,
As tho' 'twould tell a story, some tale of future glory,
Of happiness that's coming bye and bye.
They say that every year there comes a stranger to the village,
Who waits 'till night has dropped the curtain over peeping eyes,
Then silently he wanders to the spot where she is sleeping,
And kneeling there strews flowers where she lies.

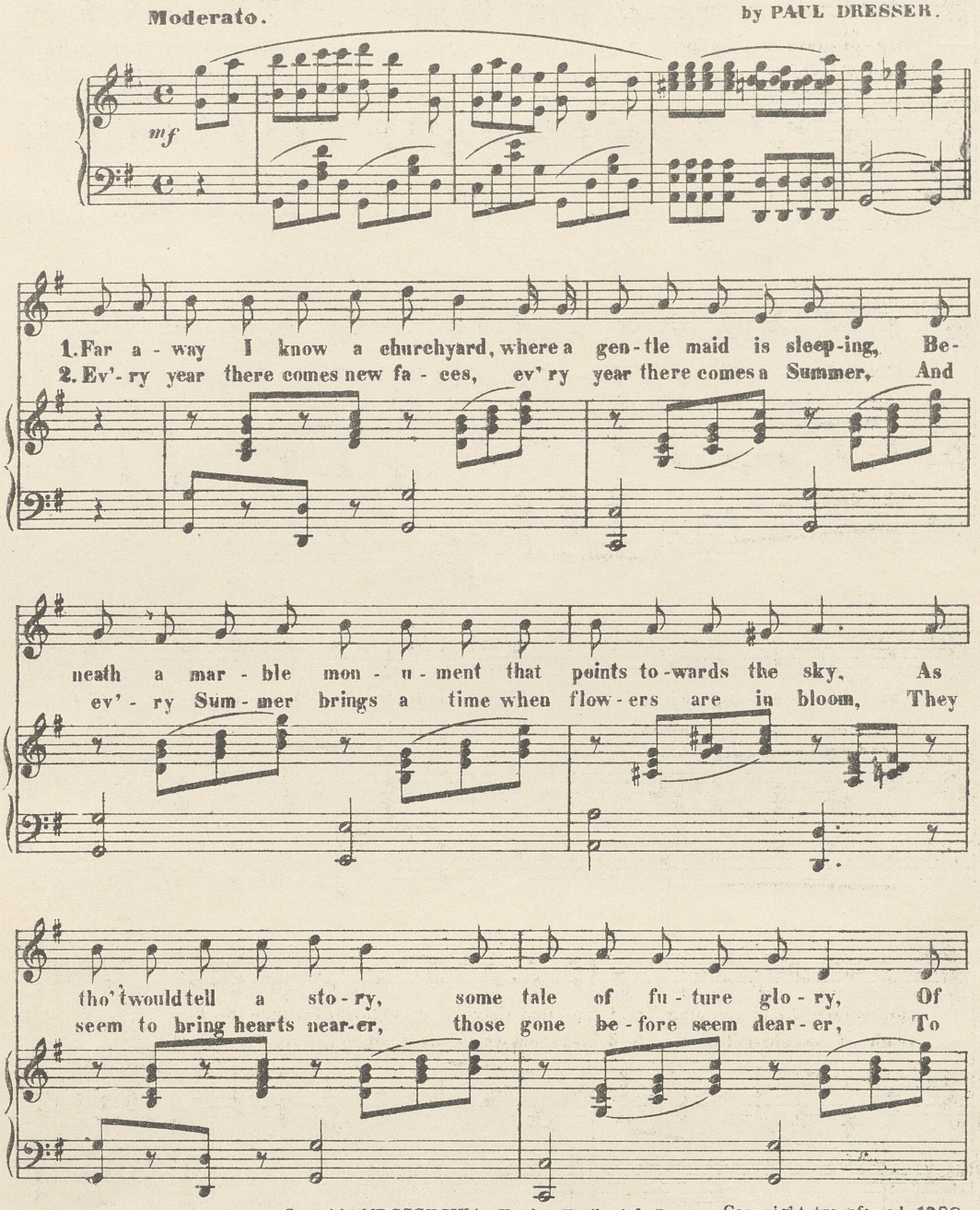
Chorus

Once ev'ry year, a stranger draws near,
And kneels o'er the spot where she lies,
Strews it with flow'rs, from golden bow'rs,
As tho' she were some long lost prize,
Who can he be? say whence comes he?
Who prays that this soul might be saved,
Perhaps he's some love that was spurn'd in the past,
Who worships now over her grave.

Ev'ry year there comes new faces, ev'ry year there comes a Summer,
And ev'ry Summer brings a time when flowers are in bloom,
They seem to bring hearts nearer, those gone before seem dearer,
To those who strew their graves in sweet, sweet June.
But on a certain night they say when all around is quiet,
When all the singers of the air are sleeping in their nests,
The silent stranger enters with a wreath of sweetest flowers,
And lays them where his lov'd one is at rest.

ONCE EV'RY YEAR.

Moderato. by PAUL DRESSER.



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hap-pi-ness that's com-ing bye and bye. They say that ev'ry year there comes a
those who strew their graves in sweet, sweet June. But on a certain night they say when

stran-ger to the vil-lage, Who waits 'till night has dropped the cur-tain
all a-round is qui-et, When all the sing-ers of the air are

ov-er peep-ing eyes, Then si-lent-ly he wan-ders to the
sleep-ing in their nests, The si-lent stranger en-ters with a

spot where she is sleeping, And kneeling there strews flowers where she lies.
wreath of sweetest flowers, And lays them where his lov'd one is at rest.

CHORUS.

Tempo di Valse.

Once ev'-ry year, a stranger draws near, And kneels o'er the spot where she lies,—

Strews it with flow'rs, from golden bow'rs, as tho' she were some long lost prize,—

Who can he be? say whence comes he? Who prays that this soul might be saved,— Per-

haps he's some love that was spurn'd in the past, Who worships now over her grave.—

D.C.

D.C.

JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME

While strolling down the street one eve upon mere pleasure bent,
'Twas after business worries of the day.
I saw a girl who shrank from me in whom I recognized
My schoolmate in a village far away.
"Is that you Madge," I said to her, she quickly turned away,
"Don't turn away Madge, I am still your friend,
Next week I'm going back to see the old folks and I thought
Perhaps some message you would like to send."

Chorus

"Just tell them that you saw me,
She said, They'll know the rest,
Just tell them I was looking well, you know,
Just whisper if you get a chance to mother dear, and say,
I love her as I did long, long ago."

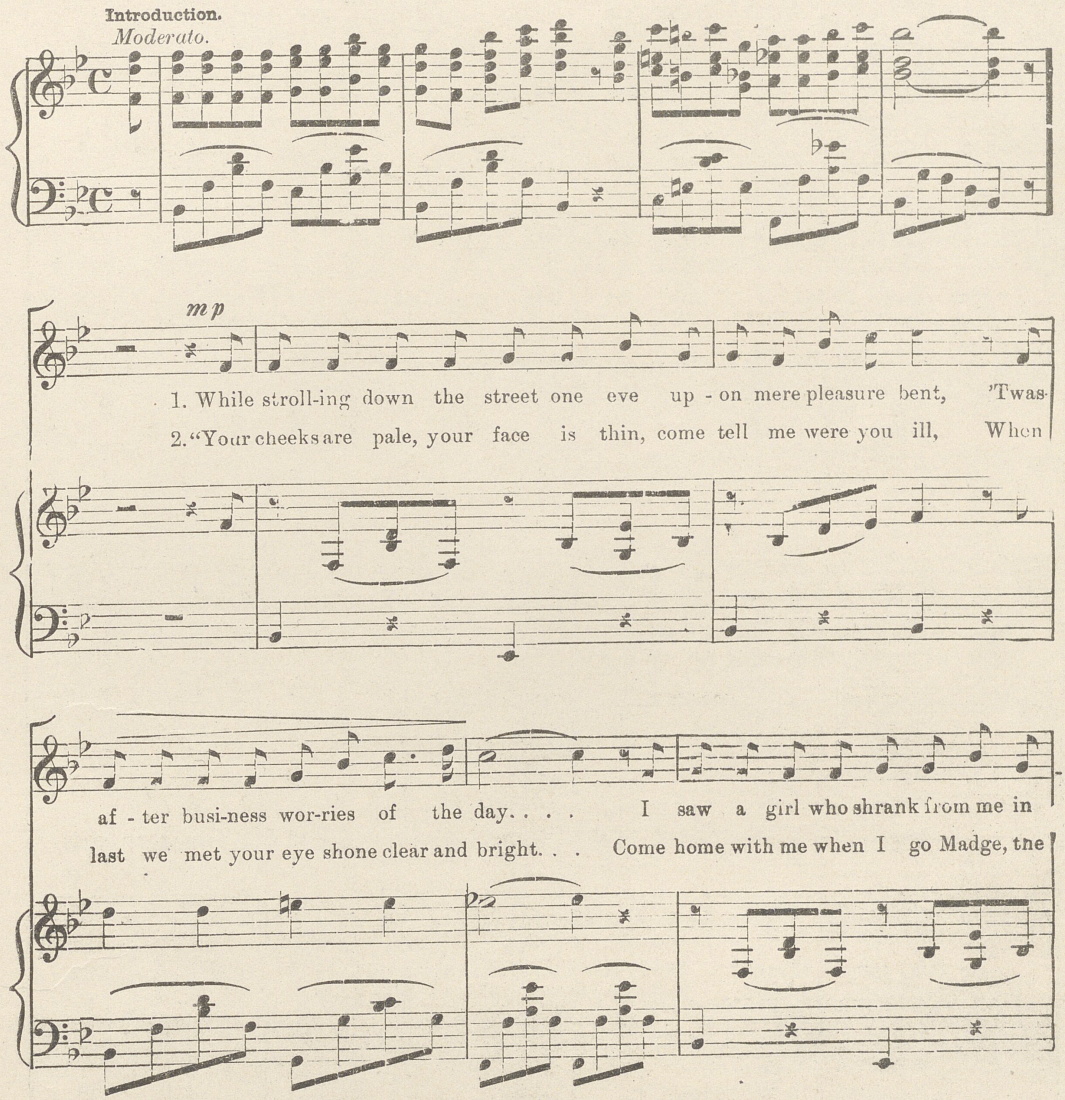
"Your cheeks are pale, your face is thin, come tell me were you ill,
When last we met your eye shone clear and bright.
Come home with me when I go Madge, the change will do you good,
Your mother wonders where you are tonight."

"I long to see them all again, but not just yet, she said,
'Tis pride alone that's keeping me away.
Just tell them not to worry, for I'm all right don't you know,
Tell mother I am coming home some day."

JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME.

SONG and CHORUS.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.



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whom I re - cog-nized, My schoolmate in a vil - lage far a - way. . . . "Is
change will do you good, Your moth-er wonders where you are to night." . . "I

that you Madge," I said to her, she quick - ly turned a-way, "Don't
long to see them all a - gain, but not just yet, she said, 'Tis

turn a - way Madge, I am still your friend, . . Next week I'm go - ing back to see the
pride a - lone that's keep-ing me a - way . . . Just tell them not to wor - ry, for I'm

old folks and I thought Per-haps some message you would like to send." . . .
all-right don't you know, Tell moth-er I am com - ing home some day." . . .

Just tell them you saw me. 3—4.

CHORUS.

"Just tell them that you saw me, She said, they'll know the rest, Just

tell them I was look-ing well you know, . . Just whis-per if you get a chance to

rit.

moth-er dear, and say,— I love her as I did long, long a - go." . . .

rit.

WE WERE SWEETHEARTS FOR MANY YEARS

I had a dear little sweetheart,
Pure as the driven snow,
I never saw one her equal,
While wand'ring to and fro,
'Twas in an old fashioned village,
We parted by the sea,
Tho' many years have passed by,
They say she's still true to me.

Chorus

We were sweethearts ever since childhood,
We roamed together down in the wildwood,
We shared with each other our joys and tears,
We were sweethearts for many years.

'Tis but an old tale repeated,
Lovers from childhood we,
'Twas in a moment of passion,
We parted by the sea,
The fault it was mine but I loved her,
With a love that will ever last,
I'm going back and I hope
My sweetheart forgives the past.

WE WERE SWEETHEARTS FOR MANY YEARS.

SONG and CHORUS.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

Tempo di Valse.

f

1. I had a dear lit - tle sweet - heart, . . . Pure as the driv - en
2. 'Tis but an old tale re - peat - ed, ... Lov - ers from child - hood

p

snow, ... I nev - er saw one her e - qual, . . . While
we, ... 'Twas in a mo - ment of pas - sion, . . . We

Fl.

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wand - 'ring to and fro, ... 'Twas in an old fashioned vil - lage, . .
part - ed by the sea, ... The fault it was mine but I loved her, . .

Fl.

. . We part - ed by the sea, ... Tho' ma - ny
. . With a love that will ev - er last, ... I'm go - ing

years have passed by, They say she's still true to me. . . . . .
back and I hope My sweetheart for-gives the past. . . . . .

CHORUS.

We were sweet - hearts ev - - er . since

p dolce.

We were sweethearts for many years. 3—4.

child - hood, We roamed to - geth - - er

down in the wild - - wood, We shared with each

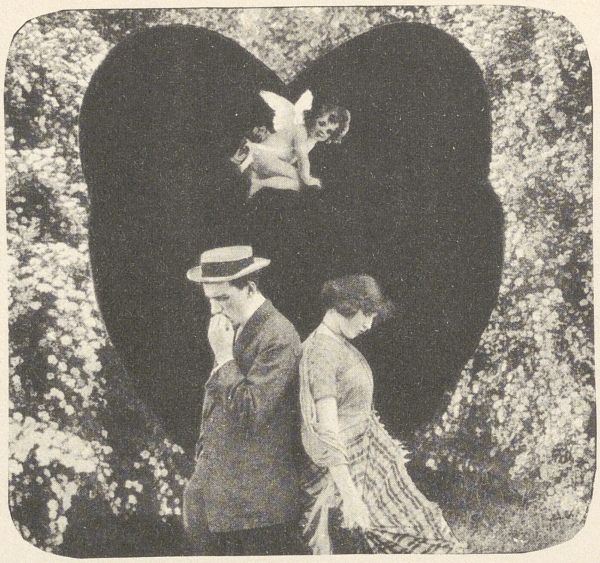
oth - er our joys and tears, ... We

were sweet - hearts for ma - ny years. . . . .

D.C.

D.C.

We were sweethearts for many years 3—5.



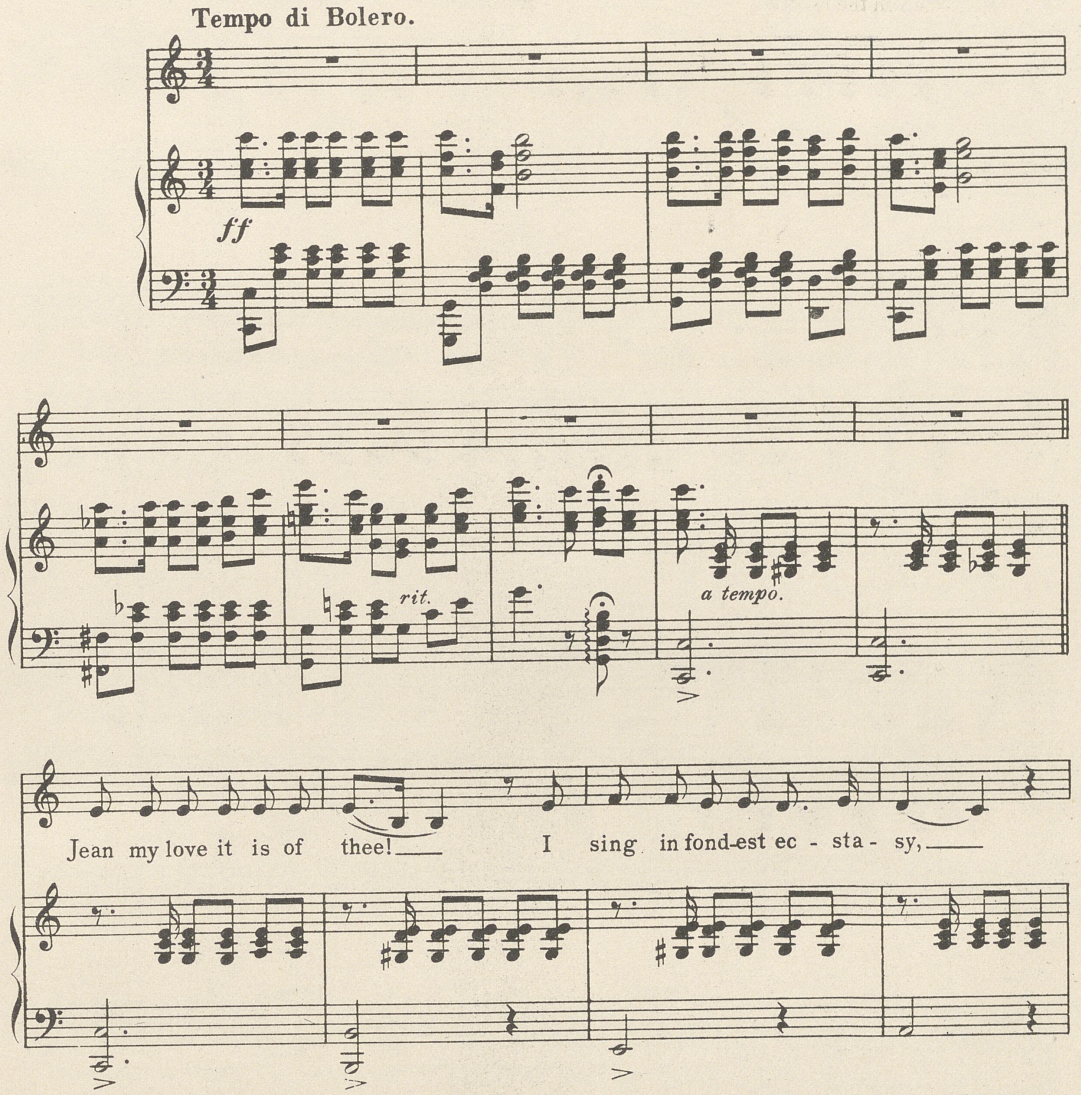
JEAN

Jean my love it is of thee!
I sing in fondest ecstasy,
And when on the land or sea,
My sweetest dreams are all of thee!
Jean when night shades softly fall,
It seems I hear thy sweet voice call;
O'er hill and dale, far away,
I hear the words, come back I pray,
Jean, my love shall live forever!
Time or trials shall change it never,
And if aught e'er changes thee, my love,
'Twill not be inconstancy, my love;
Jean I cannot live without you, love!
Ever trusting, never doubt you love,
Hear me loved one, list' to me!
My life and soul depend on thee.

Jean for thee my heart is aching,
The time has come 'tis almost breaking,
For me it seems there's no awak'ning,
Forever parted! Can it be?
Jean my love I've ne'er deceived thee,
Not for worlds love would I grieve thee;
I swear it wilt thou not believe me?
Tell me love would'st thou bereave me?
Is there no hope left for me?
Ever since the day we parted,
I have wandered broken hearted:
No matter what strange lands I see,
Thy tear-stained face it still haunts me.
Forget thee Jean my love no never!
I thought that naught such love could sever;
Farewell, sweet vision, aye forever,
My future dreams shall be of thee.
Sad dreams for me, farewell!

JEAN.

Words and Music by
PAUL DRESSER.



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rit - e - dim.

And when on the land or sea, My sweet-est dreams are all of thee!

rit - e - dim.

mp a tempo.

Jean when night shades soft-ly fall, It seems I hear thy sweet voice call; O'er

mp a tempo.

rit.

hill and dale far, far a - way, I hear the words, come back I

rit.

a tempo.

pray, Jean, my love shall live for - ev - er!

a tempo.

Time or trials shall change it nev - er, And if aught e'er chang-es

thee, my love, 'Twill not be in - con-stan - cy, my love;

rit.

a tempo.

Jean I can-not live with - out you, love! Ev - er trust - ing, nev-er

a tempo.

doubt you love, Hear me loved one, list' to me! My life, and

rit.

rit.

a tempo

soul depend on thee.

Tempo di Bolèro.

a tempo.

ff

rit.

a tempo.

Jean for thee my heart is ach - ing, The time has come 'tis al-most break - ing, For

f

mp

cresc.

rit.

pp

me it seems there's no a - wak - 'ning, for-ev-er part - ed! can it be?

f cresc.

rit

pp

mp *a tempo.* *pp* *rit.*

Jean my love I've ne'er de-ceived thee, Not for worlds love would I grieve thee; I

mp *a tempo.* *pp* *rit.*

ff *a tempo.* *ff*

swear it wilt thou not be lieve me? Tell me love would'st thou be

ff *a tempo.* *ff*

p *rit.*

reave me? Is there no hope left for me?

p *rit.* *moderato.*

Fervently.

Ev - er since the day we part - ed, I have wan-dered brok-en

heart - ed: No mat - ter what strange lands I see, Thy

pp *e rit.* *mp* *a tempo.* *f*

tear-stained face it still haunts me. For-get thee Jean my love no nev - er! I

pp *e rit.* *mp* *a tempo.*

cresc. *ff*

thought that naught such love could sev - er; Fare-well, sweet vis ion, aye for - ev - er, My

ff

pp *rit.* *pp* *lento.*

fu-ture dreams shall be of thee. Sad dreams for me, fare - well!

pp *rit.* *pp* *lento.*

HE FOUGHT FOR THE CAUSE HE THOUGHT WAS RIGHT

I saw an old grave yesterday, not many miles away,
It took me back for over thirty years,
And mem'ry brought to mind an empty cot, a mother too,
Who knelt beside it mingling pray'rs with tears,
Above the spot where her boy sleeps, there stands a wooden cross,
Which bears a sentence worded in this way,
"Pray judge him not because he fought for what he thought was right,
A hero though he wore a suit of gray."

Chorus

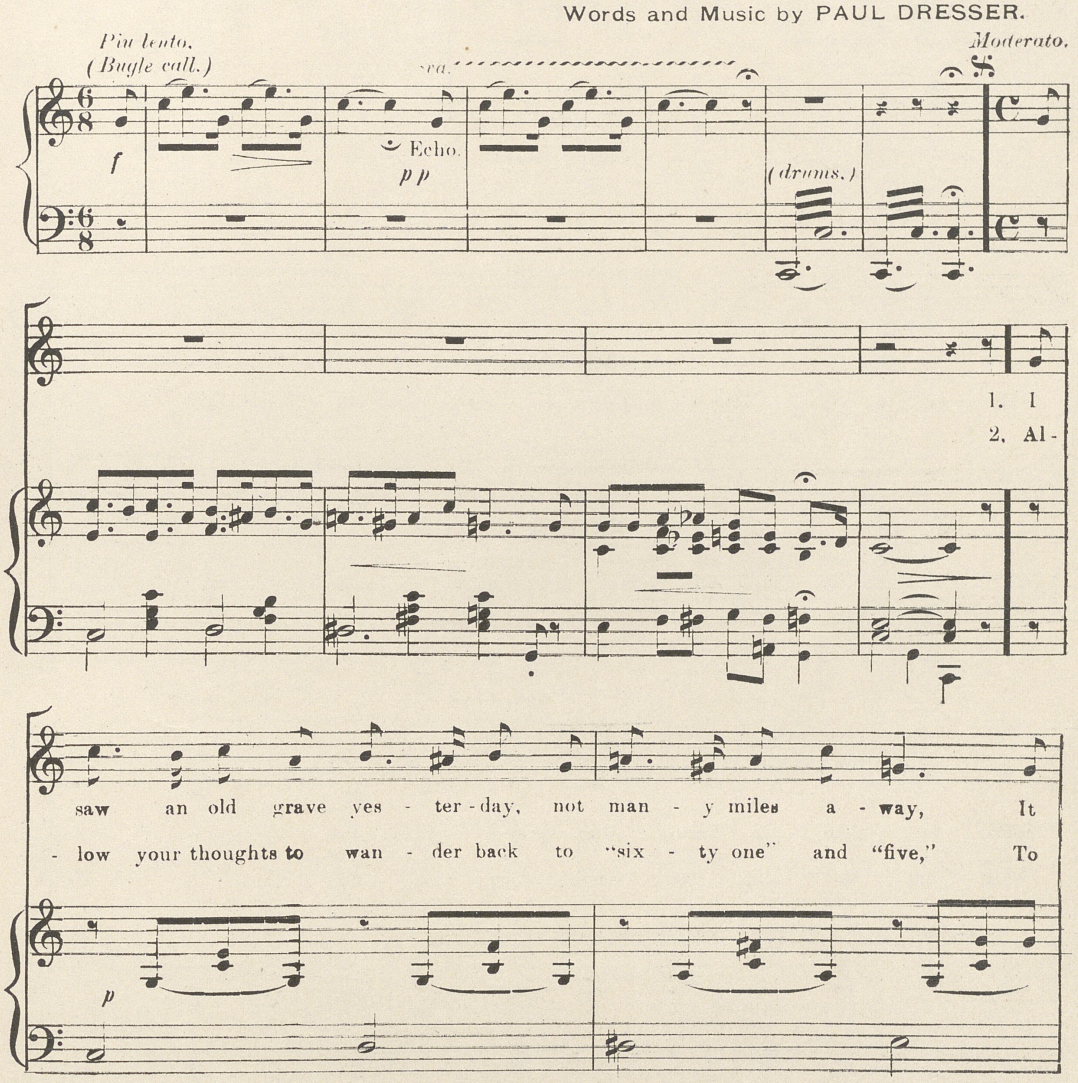
He sleeps beneath an old oak tree,
Far, far from home and friends tonight,
Be he what he may,
Oh! judge him not, I pray,
He fought for the cause he thought was right.

Allow your thoughts to wander back to "sixty one" and "five,"
To war and all its heartaches, we will turn,
Just picture to yourself a mother, tot'ring, old and gray,
And waiting for her boy, who'll ne'er return,
A thousand miles away from her, he's sleeping, all alone,
The skies have out their sentinels each night,
While passing, bare your head in honor of this hero bold,
Because he fought for what he thought was right.

He Fought for the Cause he thought was Right.

SONG and CHORUS.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.



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took me back for o - ver thir - ty years, ... And

war and all its heart - aches, we will turn, ... Just

mem - 'ry brought to mind an emp - ty cot, a moth - er too, Who

pic - ture to your - self a moth - er, tot - 'ring, old and gray, And

knelt be - side it ming - ling pray'rs with tears, ... A -

wait - ing for her boy, who'll ne'er re - turn, ... A.

rit.

He fought for the cause

bove the spot where her boy sleeps, there stands a wood - en cross, Which
thou - sand miles a - way from her, he's sleep - ing, all a - lone, The

bears, a sen - tence word - ed in this way, ... "Pray
skies have out their sen - ti - nels each night, ... While

judge him not be - cause be fought for what he thought was right, A
pass - ing, bare your head in hon - or of this he - ro bold, Be -

he - ro though he wore a suit of gray." . . . . .
- cause he fought for what he thought was right. . . . . .

rit.

He fought for the cause

CHORUS.

He sleeps be - neath an old oak tree, ...

mf

Far, far from home and friends, to - night, ... Be he what he may, Oh!

judge him not, I pray, He fought for the cause he thought was right- . . .

1

2d verse only.

right. . . . . .

p

He fought for the cause he thought was right. 4—5.

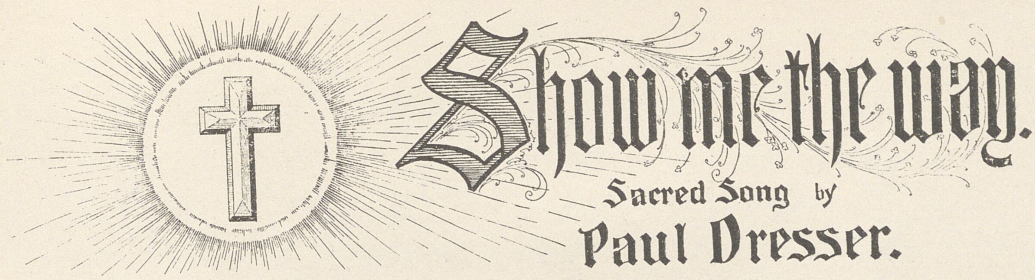
SHOW ME THE WAY

Our Father in Heaven please show me the way,
The one they say turns to the right,
Take me by the hand Father show me the way,
That leads thro' the darkness to light,
Once I was out on the road that was right,
But it seemed that I struggled in vain,
Like a child that is lost I wandered away,
But Father, I now come again.

Chorus

Pity me O Father in Heaven,
In mercy I beg of Thee,
Turn not away from my sinful soul,
'Tis late, still I come to Thee,
I know that thou art the Lord of all,
Take me to thy Heav'nly Home,
Mercy, O mercy is all I ask,
Tho' the hour of eleven be come.

O Father I beg Thee just one ray of hope,
I feel that I come all too late,
Let me linger O Father if nothing more,
And gaze thro' the heavenly gate,
Footsore and hungry I now come to Thee,
With my soul steeped in sin, Thou dost know,
Haunted with fear, give me peace Heart of hearts,
For mercy, where else can I go.



Andante moderato.

mf

1. Our
2. O

mp

Fa - ther in Heav - en please show me the way, The one they say turns to the
Fa - ther I beg Thee just one ray of hope, I feel that I come all too

mf

right, ... Take me by the hand. Fa - ther show me the way, That
late, ... Let me lin - ger O Fa - ther if noth - ing more, And

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leads thro' the dark - ness to light, ... Once I was out on the

gaze thro' the heav - en - ly gate, ... Foot - sore and hun - gry I

road that was right, But it seemed that I strug - gled in vain, . . . Like a

now come to Thee, With my soul steeped in sin, Thou dost know, . . Haunted

child that is lost I wan - dered a-way, But Fa - ther, I now come a - gain. . .

with fear give me peace Heart of hearts, For mer - cy, where else can I go. . . .

Show me the way. 3 — 4.

CHORUS.

Pi-ty me O Fa-ther in Heaven, In mer-cy I beg of Thee,

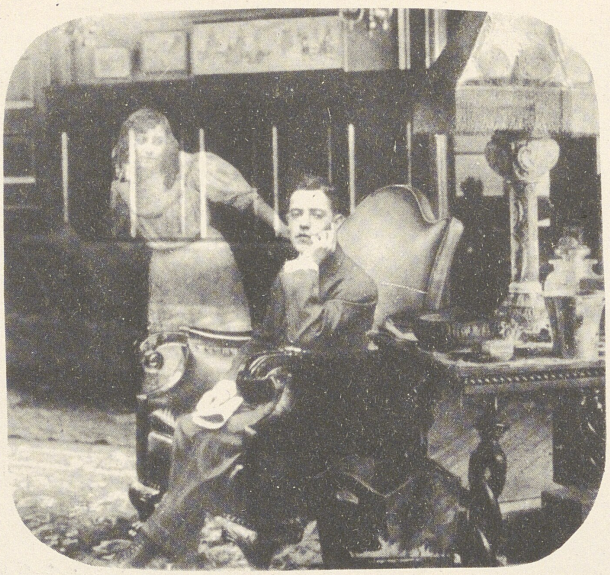
Turn not a-way from my sin-ful soul, 'Tis late, still I come to Thee, I

cres.

know that thou art the Lord of all, Take me to thy Heav-'nly Home,

Mer-cy, O mer-cy is all I ask, Tho' the hour of e-lev-en be come.

Show me the way. 3 – 5.



I WISH THAT YOU WERE HERE TO-NIGHT

I wish that you were here tonight,
I'm all alone, the fire's bright,
I gaze into its flick'ring light,
And wish that you were near,
My heart is sad, what can it be?
The mem'ry of the past haunts me,
O tell me, is it love for thee,
I wish that you were here.

Chorus

I wish that you were here, my love,
Beside the fire bright,
I'd give the answer you would know,
If you were here tonight!

And when I've tried to banish thee,
Beyond the reach of memory,
The thought that you were kind to me,
Brings back a bygone year,
A golden Indian summer day,
You held my hand, what could I say,
A moment's bliss, you went away,
I wish that you were here.

I Wish That You Were Here To-night.

Song & Chorus

by Paul Dresser.

Andante moderato.

mf *rall*

1. I wish that you were here to - night, I'm all a - lone, the
2. And when I've tried to ban - ish thee, Be - yond the reach of

p

rall. - - - *a tempo.*

fire - 's bright, I gaze in - to it's flick - 'ring light, And
mem - o - ry, The thought that you were kind to me, Brings

rall. *a tempo.*

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wish that you were near, ... My heart is sad, what

back a by - gone year, ... A gold - en In - dian

can it be? The mem - 'ry of the past haunts me, O

sum - mer day, You held my hand, what could I say, A

portamente.

tell me, is it love for thee, I wish that you were here, . .

mo - ment's bliss, you went a - way, I wish that you were here, . .

I wish that you were here.

CHORUS.

rit.

I wish that you were here, my love, Be - side the fire . . bright, I'd

p

rit.

rall.

give the an - swer you would know, If you were here to - night! . . .

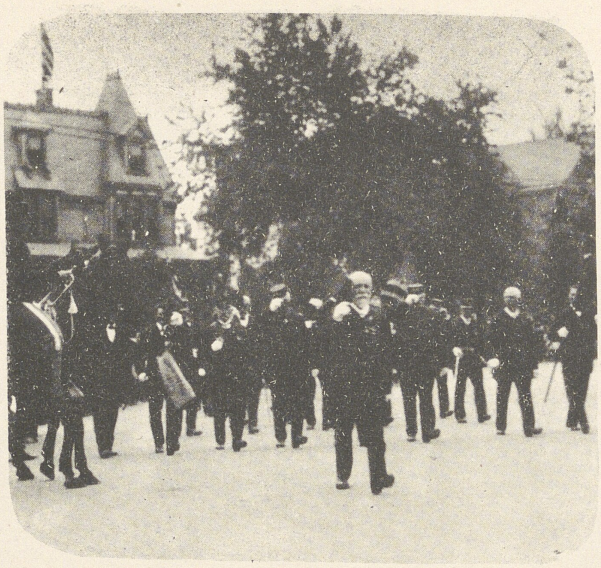
colla voce.

rit.

mf

rall

I wish that you were here to-night. 3—5.



I WAS LOOKING FOR MY BOY, SHE SAID
or
DECORATION-DAY

'Twas on the day the soldiers march to the city of the dead,
To decorate, 'twas decoration day,
The heroes of the past were out in honor of the brave,
Who died on battle fields far, far away,
I saw an old, old woman, most feeble and most gray,
Look closely at each vet'ran soldier's face,
I saw the tear-drops trickling down her pinched and withered cheeks,
As she mingled with the throng from place to place.

Chorus

I was looking for my boy, she said, 'tis many, many years,
Since last I saw his face, and then her eyes they filled with tears,
He must be dead, for if alive my boy dressed in his best,
On this sad day, in rain or shine, would march 'long with the rest.

The days went by, once more I stood up on the same old spot,
Where I had stood a year or two ago,
Again I saw the same gray hairs, the same old tearful eyes,
Were watching heroes marching to and fro,
I heard her cry out "Henry"; a soldier in the march,
Turned quickly as the name fell on his ears,
Rushed from the ranks and threw his arms around the mother dear,
Whom he'd not seen in many, many years.

Chorus

I was looking for you, boy, she said, 'tis many, many years,
Since I last saw your face, and then her eyes they filled with tears,
I felt you were not dead and if alive, dressed in your best,
On decoration day, some time, you'd march 'long with the rest.

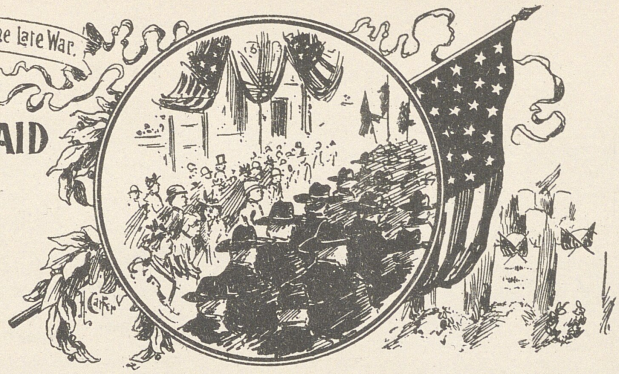
Respectfully Dedicated to the Veterans of the late War.

I WAS LOOKING FOR MY BOY, SHE SAID OR DECORATION - DAY.

SONG AND CHORUS.

BY

PAUL DRESSER.



Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

Andante moderato.

mf

1. 'Twas on the day the sol - diers march to the ci - ty of the dead, To dec - o - rate, 'twas dec - o - ra - tion day, ... The

2. The days went by, once more I stood up - on the same old spot, Where I had stood a year or two a - go, ... A -

rit. *p* *a tempo*

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heroes of the past were out in hon-or of the brave, Who died on bat - tle fields far, far a -
- gain I saw the same grey hairs, the same old tearful eyes, Were watching he-roes march-ing to and

- way, . . . I saw an old, old wo-man, most fee - ble and most grey, Look
fro, . . . I heard her cry out "Hen-ry" a sol - dier in the march, Turned

close - ly at each vet-'ran sol-dier's face, . . . I saw the tear-drops trickling down her
quick-ly as the name fell on his ears, . . . Rushed from the ranks and threw his arms a -

pinche l and withered cheeks, As she min-gled with the throng from place to place. . . .
- round the moth-er dear, Whom he'd not seen in man- y, man - y years. . . .

I was looking for my boy she said. 3 — 4.

CHORUS.

I was look - ing for my boy she said, 'tis man - y, man - y years, Since
I was look - ing for you boy she said, 'tis man - y, man - y years, Since

last I saw his face, and then her eyes they filled with tears, He
last I saw your face, and then her eyes they filled with tears, I

must be dead, for if a - live my boy dressed in his best, On
felt you were not dead and if a - live, dressed in your best, On

rit *rallentando.*

this sad day, in rain or shine, would march 'long with the rest.
dec - o - ra - tion day, some time, you'd march 'long with the rest.

rit. *rallentando.*

I was looking for my boy she said 3.—5.

A DREAM OF MY BOYHOOD DAYS

I wander'd home from business cares,
And sat down by the fire,
I watched the fitful flames until
My eyes began to tire,
My thoughts went back into the past
To days of long ago,
How long I sat I cannot tell,
The lights were burning low.
When

Chorus

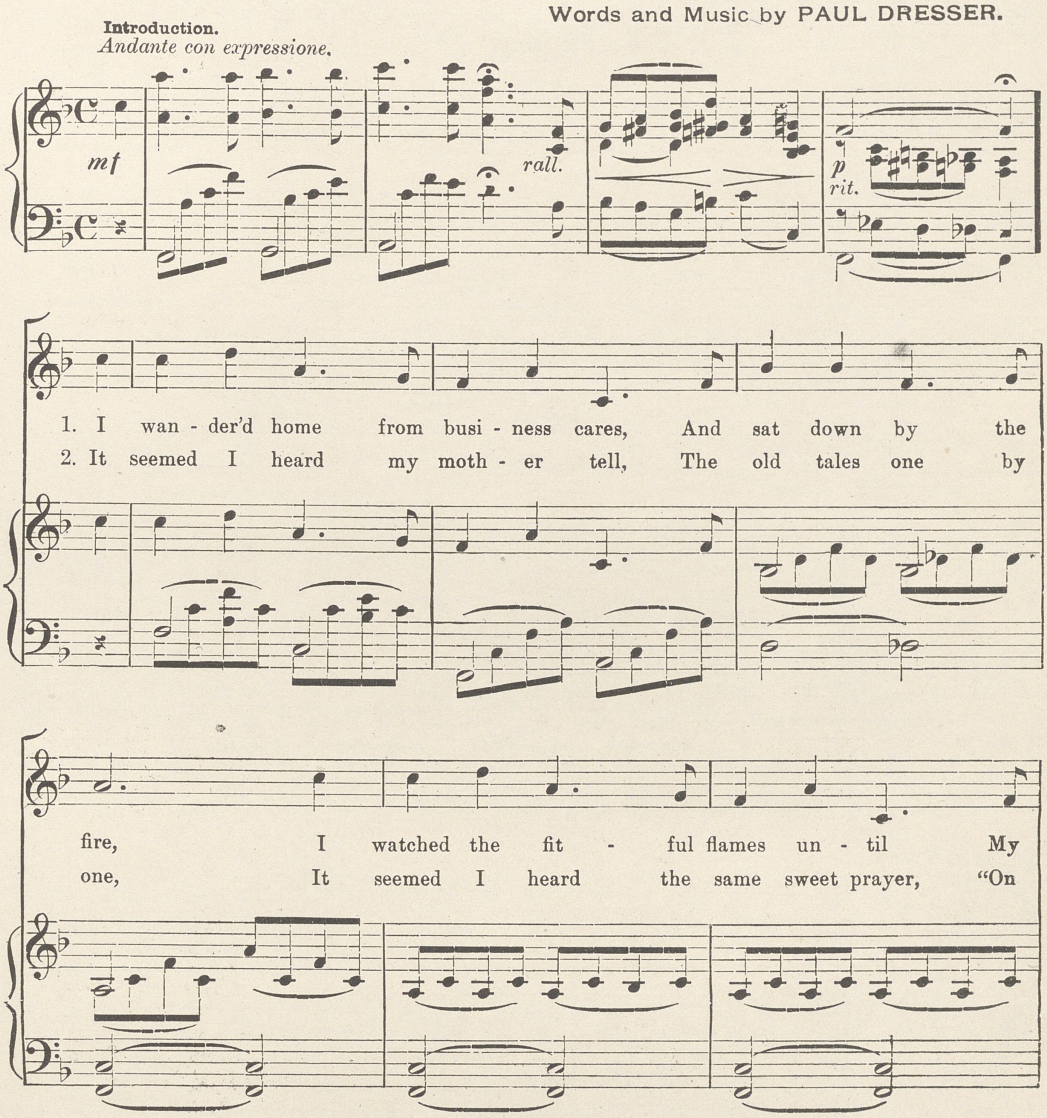
My mother placed her arms around me,
And called me her darling boy,
My mother smiled as she always did,
On her first love, her only joy,
My mother pressed me to her breast, was kissing my tears away
When I awoke and found 'twas but
A dream of my boyhood days.

It seemed I heard my mother tell,
The old tales one by one,
It seemed I heard the same sweet prayer,
"On earth Thy will be done,"
It seemed that 'round her sad, sad face,
There shone a golden gleam,
Of heav'nly light that winter's night,
I can't forget that dream.
When

A Dream of My Boyhood Days.

SONG and CHORUS.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.



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eyes be - gan to tire, My thoughts went back in-
earth Thy will be done," It seemed that 'round her

to the past, To days of long a - go, How
sad, sad face, There shone a gold - en gleam, Of

rit.

long I sat I can - not tell, The lights were burning low. When—
heav - 'nly light that win - ter's night, I can't for - get that dream. When—

rit.

CHORUS.

mf Moderato.

My moth - er placed her arms a - round me, And called me her darl - ing

mf

A dream of my boyhood days.

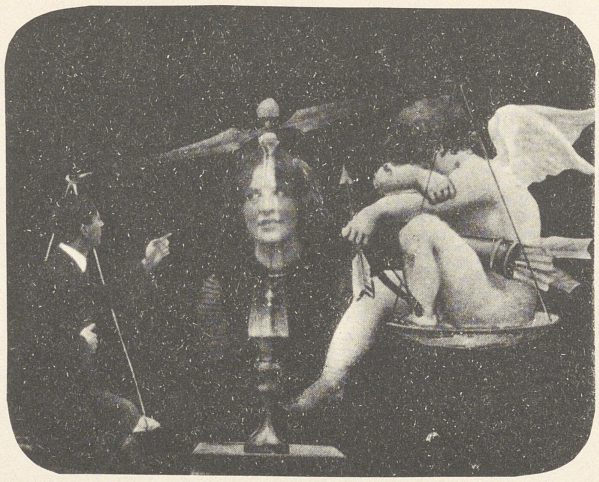
boy, ... My moth - er smiled as she al - ways did, On her

first love, her on - ly joy, ... My moth - er pressed me

to her breast, was kiss-ing my tears a - way, ... When I a-

- woke and found t'was but A dream, of my boy - hood days. . . . .

A dream of my boyhood days. 3 — 5.



HE BROUGHT HOME ANOTHER

I'll tell an old, old story,
And how it came to pass,
A youth, both rich and handsome
Once wooed a country lass;
Poor little Nell, she loved him,
As maiden will, alway,
One day he left to visit the city far away,
'Tis true, he never told her, that she should be his bride,
'Tis true, he never swore to love, whatever might betide,
He just went to the city,
They seemed to drift apart,
He came back with another,
And simply broke her heart.

Chorus

He brought home another,
And called her bride,
I never can forget, how Nell, she cried;
He lives in the mansion, on yonder hill,
Nell, she still is sleeping,
Behind the mill.

One evening thro' the village
The news went far and wide,
That he'd brought home another,
Another as his bride,
In an humble sort of cottage,
Poor little Nellie lay,
With heart completely broken, that night she passed away,
I wonder if his fancy, for a moment, e'er took flight,
I wonder if he heard a sob, away out in the night,
While they were honeymooning,
In the mansion on the hill,
Kind hands were laying Nellie,
To rest, behind the mill.

He Brought Home Another.

SONG and CHORUS.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

Moderato.

mf *f*

1. I'll tell an old, old sto - ry, . .
2. One eve ning thro' the vil - lage. . .

dim. *p*

. . . And how it came to pass, ... A youth, both
. . . The news went far and wide, ... That he'd brought

rich and hand - some, . . . Once wooed a coun - try lass; . . . . .
home an - oth - er, ... An - oth - er as his bride, ...

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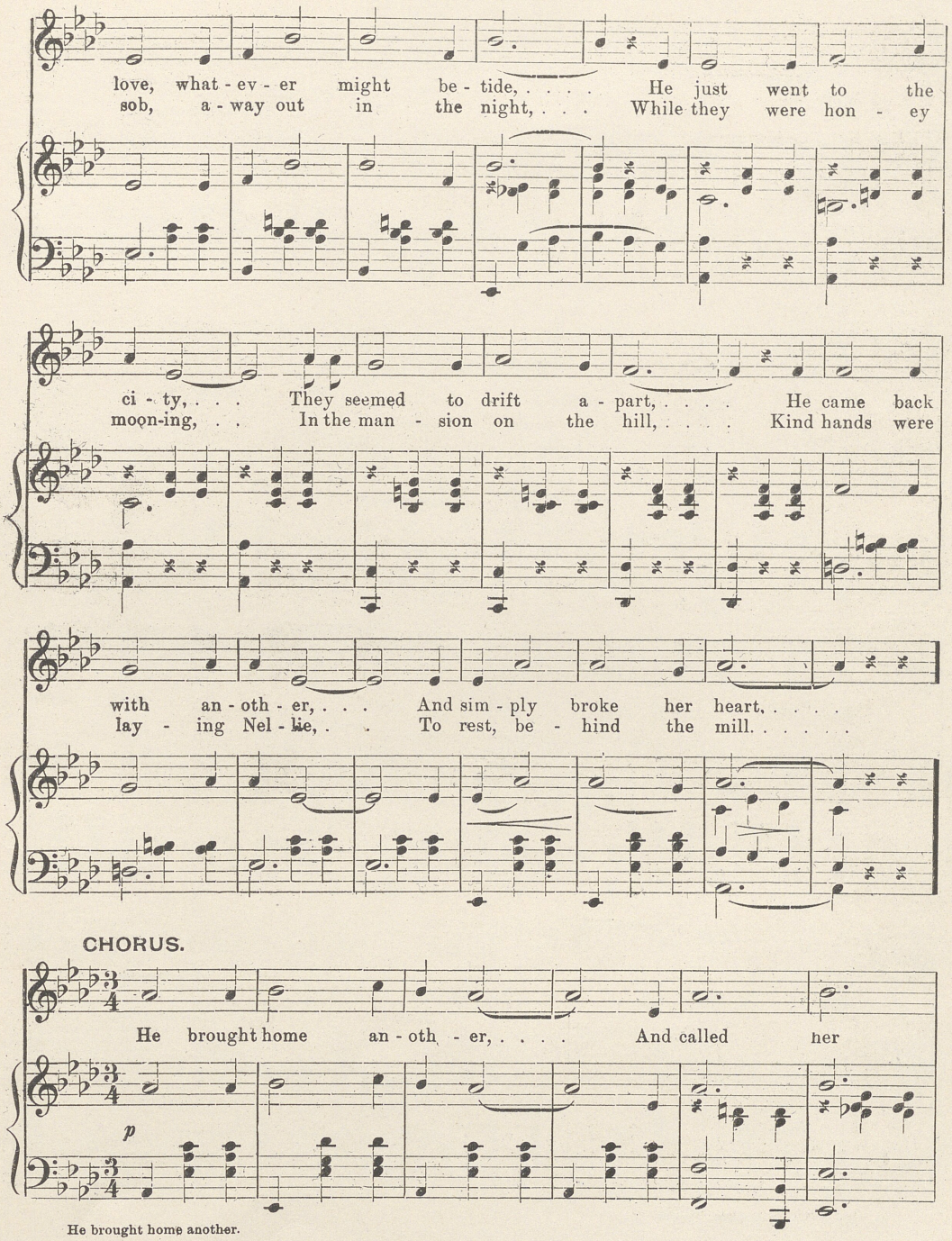
. . Poor lit - tle Nell, she loved him, . . as maid - en will, al -
. In an hum-ble sort o' cot - tage, . . poor lit - tle Nel - lie

way, ... One day, he left to vis - it . . . . the ci - ty,
lay, ... With heart com-plete - ly bro - ken, . . . that night she

far a - way, . . . 'Tis true, he nev - er told her, . . . that
passed a - way, . . I won - der if his fan - cy, . . . for a

she should be his bride, ... 'Tis true, he nev - er swore to
mo - ment, e'er took flight, ... I won - der if he heard a

He brought home another.


love, what - ev - er might be - tide, ... He just went to the
sob, a - way out in the night, . . . While they were hon - ey
ci - ty, . . . They seemed to drift a - part, ... He came back
moon-ing, . . In the man - sion on the hill, ... Kind hands were
with an - oth - er, . . . And sim - ply broke her heart, ...
lay - ing Nel - lie, . . To rest, be - hind the mill. . . . . .
CHORUS.
He brought home an - oth - er, ... And called her
p
He brought home another.

bride, ... I nev - er can for - get, how

Nell, she cried; . . . . . He lives in the

man - sion, . . . on yon - der hill, ... Nell, she

still is sleep - ing, . . . Be - hind the mill. . . . . .

He brought home another. 4—5.

I'SE YOUR NIGGER IF YOU WANTS ME LIZA JANE

Oh de winter am upon us an' de days am cold an' drear
Still I loves ye, I loves ye Liza Jane.
Watermelons out o' season an' de possum's mighty dear,
Still I loves ye, I loves ye Liza Jane.
Oh I wants ye fur mah honey,
Yas I wants yer by an' by,
Fur I loves ye, I loves ye Liza Jane.
Oh de turkey am a wingin' an' de chickens roostin' high
Still I loves ye, I loves ye Liza Jane.

Chorus

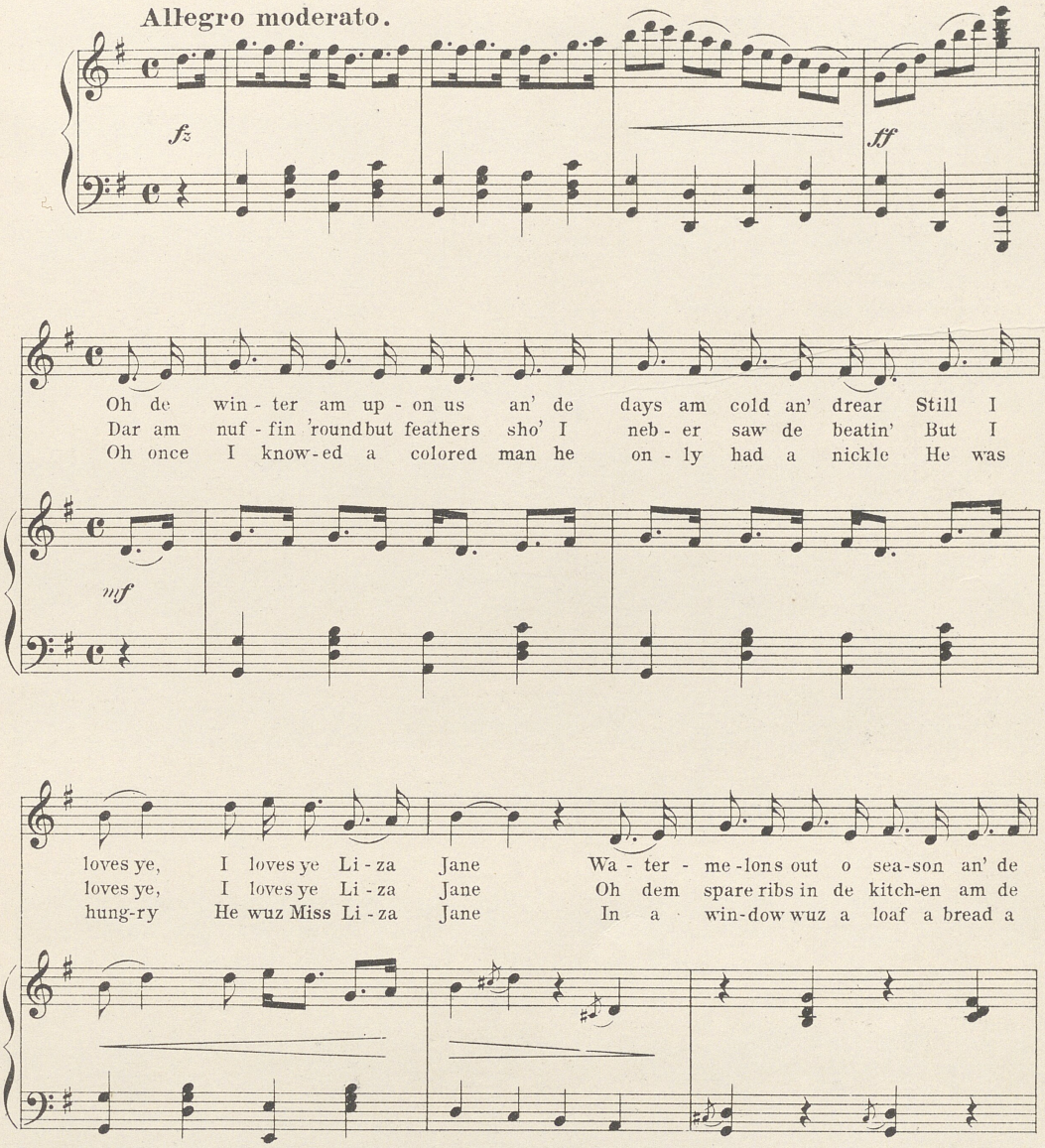
Liza Liza Liza Jane
I loves ye mah little Liza Jane
When de Springtime am a comin' an' de Bees dey am a hummin'
I'se yer niggah if ye wants me Liza Jane.

Dar am nuffin 'round but feathers sho' I neber saw de beatin'
But I loves ye, I loves ye Liza Jane.
Oh dem spare ribs in de kitchen am de closes' kind o' eaten
Still I loves ye, I loves ye Liza Jane.
Dere's a paper collar niggah, dat am comin' round tonight
While I loves ye, I loves ye Liza Jane.
Dere'll be cuttin' an' some shootin' when dat niggah heaves in sight
'Case I loves ye, I loves ye Liza Jane.

Oh once I knowed a colored man he only had a nickel
He was hungry he wuz Miss Liza Jane
In a window wuz a loaf o' bread a melon and some pickles
He wuz hungry, he wuz Miss Liza Jane.
Oh he look'd into de windo, for about an hour or so
He wuz hungry, he wuz Miss Liza Jane.
Den he bought de watermelon left de bread an' pickles go
'Case he lub'd it, he did, Miss Liza Jane.

I'se your Nigger if you wants me Liza Jane.

PAUL DRESSER.



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pos - sum's migh - ty dear still I loves ye, I loves ye Li - za
closes kind o' eat - en still I loves ye, I loves ye Li - za
me - lon and some pickles He wuz hung - ry, He wuz Miss Li - za

Jane ___ Oh I wants ye fur mah hon - ey, Yas I
Jane ___ Dere's a pa - per col - lar nig - gah, dat am
Jane ___ Oh he look'd in - to de win - do, for a -

wants yer by an' by, Fur I loves ye, I loves ye Li - za
com - in' 'round to night while I loves ye, I loves ye Li - za
bout an' hour or so He wuz hung - ry, He wus Miss Li - za

Jane ___ Oh de tur - key am a wing - in' an' de
Jane ___ Dere'll be cut - tin' an some shoot - in' when dat
Jane ___ Den he bought de wa - ter - me - lon left de

chickens roostin' high still I lovesye, I lovesye Li - za Jane.
nig-gah heaves in sight 'case I lovesye, I lovesye Li - za Jane.
bread an' pick-les go 'case he lub'd it, He did, Miss Li - za Jane.

Chorus.

Li - za Li - za Li-za Jane I loves ye mah lit - tle Li - za

f

Jane When de Spring-time am a com - in' an' de

Bees dey am a hummin' I'se yer nig-gah if ye' wants me Li - za Jane.

D. C.

D. C.

DON'T TELL HER THAT YOU LOVE HER
or
MANKIND IS SELDOM TRUE

A youth was on the way to see his sweetheart fond and true,
To whisper tales of love into her ear,
While passing thro' the old home-gate he heard a gentle voice,
He turned to greet his best friend, mother dear,
You're going to see your sweetheart now, be careful what you say,
Don't break her heart because she's fond of you,
Don't tell her that you love her if you don't, remember Tom,
That one man out of ten is seldom true.

Refrain

Don't tell her that you love her, don't say what you will do,
Don't promise that you'll wed her, just because she's fond of you,
Don't tell her of the future years, and all that you'd go through,
For her sake do not tell her this, mankind is seldom true.

Don't tell her that she's all to you on earth unless it's true,
Don't tell her how you both will happy be,
Don't whisper tales of endless bliss, because her heart is yours,
Remember I was once a girl like she,
Don't break her heart because she loves you, if you do
'Twill all come back to you in future years,
Prosperity is one thing, lad, in life you'll seldom find,
It moving hand in hand with sighs and tears.

DON'T TELL HER THAT YOU LOVE HER.

OR

MANKIND IS SELDOM TRUE.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

Introduction.
Andante moderato.

mf *espressivo.* *rall.*

1. A youth was on the way to see his sweet - heart fond and true, To
2. Don't tell her that she's all to you on earth un - less its true, Don't

p

whis-per tales of love in - to her ear, . . . While pass - ing thro' the old home-gate he
tell her how you both will hap - py be, . . . Don't whis - per tales of end - less bliss, be -

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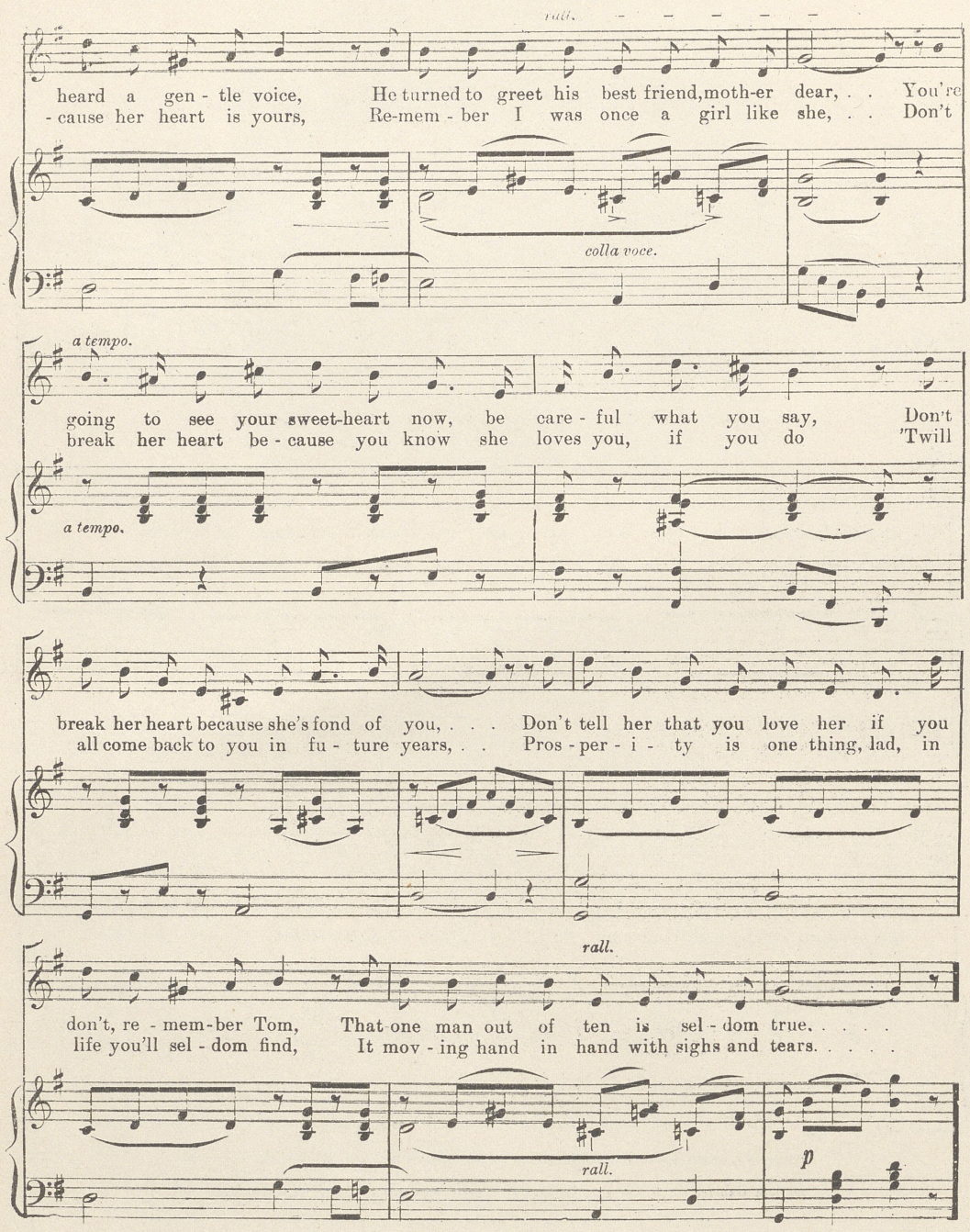

Don't tell her that you love her. 3—4.

REFRAIN.

Don't tell her that you love her, don't say what you will do, Don't

p

prom - ise that you'll wed her, just be - cause she's fond of you, Don't

rall. *a tempo.* *rall.* *a tempo,*

tell her of the fu - ture years, and all that you'd go through, For

rall. *rit.*

her sake do not tell her this, man - kind is sel - dom true. . . . .

solla voce. *rit.*

Don't tell her that you love her. 3—5.

THE OUTCAST UNKNOWN

There's a grave by the side of an old ruined mill,
Where the wild wintry winds hold their sway;
And the weeds in profusion grow thick round the spot,
But folks seldom pass there, they say;
'Tis the grave of an outcast who died long ago,
Who had sinned and no mercy was shown;
So one cold winter's day, her soul passed away,
And they buried her there all alone.

Chorus

There she lies while the cries of the night-birds go forth,
By the old ruined mill all alone,
Not a plant, not a flower, marks her last resting place,
And she sleeps there an outcast, unknown.

There's a mother that kneels near a cot far away,
And prays by the dim candle light;
And begs of the Father, who rules upon high,
To be kind to her darling that night;
Those deep furrowed cheeks would be moistened with tears,
If the true picture to her was known;
But the mother will pray while the child far away
By the mill, sleeps uncared for, unknown.

Chorus

The raindrops that fall from the heavens above,
Seem to say all thy faults we condone,
When the winds blow, the weeds seem in sorrow to droop,
And weep o'er the outcast, unknown.

To Mr. Chauncey Olcott.

THE OUTCAST UNKNOWN.

Song and Chorus.

by PAUL DRESSER.

Moderato espressivo.

Psostenuto.

There's a grave by the side of an
There's a moth - er that kneels near a

old ruin-ed mill, Where the wild win-try winds hold their sway; ..... And the
cot far a - way, And prays by the dim can-dle light; ..... And

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weeds in pro-fu-sion grow thick round the spot. But folks sel-dom pass there they
begs of the Fa-ther, who rules up-on high, To be kind to her darl-ing that

p

say; ..... 'Tis the grave of an out-cast who died long a-go, Who had
night; ..... Those deep fur-rowed cheeks would be moistened with tears, If the

p

sinned and no mer-cy was shown; ..... So one cold win-ter's day, her
true pic-ture to her was known; ..... But the moth-er will pray while the

p *ritard.*

soul passed a-way, And they bur-ied her there all a-lone. .....
child far a-way, By the mill, sleeps un-cared for, un-known. .....

p *ritard.*

CHORUS.

AIR

There she lies while the cries of the night-birds go forth, By the old ruin-ed mill all a-

The rain-drops that fall from the heav-ens a-bove, Seem to say all thy faults we con-

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

p *pp* *rit.*

lone, Not a plant not a flower marks her last resting place, And she sleeps there an out-cast, un-known.

done When the winds blow, the weeds seem in sor-row to droop, And weep oer the out-cast, un-known.

p *pp*

p *pp* *rit.*

Not a plant not a flower marks her last resting place, And she sleeps there an out-cast, un-known.

When the winds blow, the weeds seem in sor-row to droop, And weep oer the out-cast, un-known.

p *pp*

rit.

p *pp* *rit.*

YOU'RE GOING FAR AWAY, LAD

or

I'M STILL YOUR MOTHER DEAR

A youth of sixteen summers, stood at an old farm gate,
Beside him stood his mother, the hour was growing late,
The youth was on his way then in distant lands to roam,
And leaving all behind him, his mother and his home,
As they stood there in the twilight, the mother she would sigh,
As though her heart were breaking, while bidding him good-bye,
'Mid sobs and tears she blessed him, and smoothed his silken hair,
While trudging down the lane, these words came on the evening air.

Refrain

"You're going far away, lad,
In distant lands to roam,
You leave behind your mother, and the old, old home.
No matter what befalls you,
Be always of good cheer,
When friends desert, remember
That I'm still your mother dear."

'Twas not thro' word of anger,' twas not thro' love of gold,
'Twas not through pangs of hunger, he wandered from the fold,
But just a restless nature that none could understand,
To be alone and wand'ring in some far distant land,
The face of his old mother seemed constantly in sight,
The words that she had spoken, he heard all through the night,
Next eve there came a knocking, upon the homestead door,
"Your last words, mother, saved me, I won't leave you any more."

YOU'RE GOING FAR AWAY LAD
or, I'M STILL YOUR MOTHER, DEAR.

SONG and REFRAIN.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

Andante moderato.

mf

1. A youth of six - teen sum - mers, stood at an old farm gate, Be -
2. 'Twas not thro' word of an - ger, 'twas not thro' love of gold, 'Twas

p

- side him stood his moth - er, the hour was grow - ing late, The
not through pangs of hun - ger. he wan - dered from the fold, But

youth was on his way then in dis - tant lands to roam, And
just a rest - less na - ture that none could un - der-stand, To

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leav - ing all be - hind him, his moth - er and his home, As they
be a - lone and wand - ring, in some far dis - tant land, The

stood there in the twi - light, the moth - er she would sigh, As
face of his old moth - er, seemed con - stant - ly in sight, The

though her heart were break - ing, while bid - ding him good - bye, 'Mid
words that she had spo - ken, he heard all through the night, Next

sobs and tears she blessed him, and smoothed his silk - en hair, While
eve their came a knock - ing, up - on the home - stead door, "Your

I'm still your mother, dear. 3—4.

rall.

trudg - ing down the lane, these words came on the eve - ning air.
last words, moth - er saved me, I won't leave you an - y more."

rall.

REFRAIN.
Con espressivo.

"You re go - ing far a - way lad, In dis - tant lands to roam, You

p

leave be-hind your moth-er, and the old, old home. No mat - ter what be - falls you, Be

al - ways of good cheer, When friends de-sert, remem - ber That I'm still your mother dear."

rall. col voce.

I'm still your mother, dear. 3—5.

ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH, FAR AWAY

Round my Indiana homestead wave the cornfield,
In the distance loom the woodlands clear and cool.
Often times my thoughts revert to scenes of childhood,
Where I first received my lessons, nature's school.
But one thing there is missing in the picture,
Without her face it seems so incomplete.
I long to see my mother in the doorway,
As she stood there years ago, her boy to greet!

Refrain

Oh, the moonlight's fair tonight along the Wabash,
From the fields there comes the breath of new mown hay.
Thro' the sycamores the candle lights are gleaming,
On the banks of the Wabash, far away.

Many years have passed since I strolled by the river,
Arm in arm with sweetheart Mary by my side.
It was there I tried to tell her that I loved her,
It was there I begged of her to be my bride.
Long years have passed since I strolled thro' the church-
yard,
She's sleeping there, my angel Mary dear.
I loved her but she thought I didn't mean it,
Still I'd give my future were she only here.

On The Banks Of The Wabash, Far Away

Words and Music by
PAUL DRESSER

Andante expressivo

mf

Round my In - di - an - a home - stead wave the corn - field, In the
Ma - ny years have passed since I strolled by the riv - er, Arm in

p

dis - tance loom the wood - lands clear and cool. Of - ten
arm with sweet - heart Ma - ry by my side. It was

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times my thoughts re-vert to scenes of child-hood, Where I first re-ceived my les-sons, na-ture's
there I tried to tell her that I loved her, It was there I begged of her to be my

school. But one thing there is mis-sing in the pic-ture, With-
bride. Long years have passed since I strolled thro' the church-yard, She's

-out her face it seems so in-com-plete. I long to see my moth-er in the
sleep-ing there my an-gel Ma-ry, dear. I loved her but she thought I did-n't

door-way, As she stood there years a-go, her boy to greet!
mean it, Still I'd give my fu-ture were she on-ly here.

REFRAIN

Oh, the moon - light's fair to-night a - long the Wa - bash, From the

mp

fields there comes the breath of new mown hay. Thro' the

syc - a - mores the can - dle lights are gleam - ing; On the

banks of the Wa - bash, far a - way.

IF YOU SEE MY SWEETHEART

A ship was just about to sail,
A maid's eyes filled with tears,
A youth stood at the vessel's edge,
A lad of tender years,
'Twas not the lover of the maid,
Whose heart seemed sad and sore,
It was the chum of her sweetheart, who sailed three years before.
All through a word of anger,
He left her there alone,
"You both were chums, please find him, won't you, Tom,"
I heard her moan,
"My love is just the same for him,
As when he went away,
Ask him if he's coming back some day."

Chorus

If you see my sweetheart
Somewhere o'er the sea,
Beg him keep the promise,
That he made to me,
Tell him I'm so lonely,
Since he went away,
Ask him if he's coming,
Back some day.

Some forty years have pass'd since then,
The maid of yesterday,
Is now a woman bent with years,
She's feeble, old and gray,
The chum of her sweetheart can now
Be seen to proudly stand.
He is the master of an ocean steamer, great and grand,
He never brought her tidings,
No news to dry her tears.
The word that she received was only "no" thro' all those years,
But ev'ry time the steamer now
Is just about to sail,
She stands there and you hear her sadly wail.

Andante moderato.

f

1. A
2. Some

rit.

ship was just a - bout to sail, A maid's eyes filled with tears, A
for - ty years have pass'd since then, The maid of yes - ter - day, Is

p *a tempo.*

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youth stood at the ves - sel's edge, A lad of ten - der years, 'Twas
now a wo - man bent with years, She's fee - ble, old and gray, The

not the lov - er of the maid, Whose heart seemed sad and sore, It
chum of her sweet-heart, can now Be seen to proud - ly stand. He

rall. *a tempo.*

was the chum of her sweet - heart, who sailed three years be - fore, All
is the mas - ter of an o - cean steam - er, great and grand, He

rall. *a tempo.*

through a word of an - ger, He left her there a - lone, "You
nev - er brought her tid - ings, No news to dry her tears. The

mf

both were chums, "please find him, won't you Tom," I heard her moan, My
word that she re - ceived was on - ly "no" thro' all those years, But

love is just the same for him, As when he went a - way,
ev - 'ry time the steam - er now Is just a - bout to sail, She

Ask him if he's com - ing back some day.
stands there and you hear her sad - ly wail.

rall.

CHORUS.

Andante con moto.

If you see my sweet-heart? . . . Some - where o'er the

If you see my sweetheart. 4—4.

sea, ... Beg him keep the prom-ise, ... That he

made to me, ... Tell him I'm so lone - ly, ...

Since he went a - way, ... Ask him if he's com - ing, .

. . . Back some day. . . . . 1 day. 2

f

If you see my sweetheart.

OUR COUNTRY, MAY SHE ALWAYS BE RIGHT BUT OUR COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG

America, our hearts belong
To you our own fair land,
And seventy million patriots
Are waiting hand in hand,
To hear the word that bids them onward
March toward the sea,
And hurl defiance at our foes,
Whoever they may be.

Refrain

Our country, may she always
Be right, we love the name,
"America" our fathers fought,
For you we'll do the same,
For you our life's blood we will give,
Your praises shout in song,
Our country, may she e'er be right,
But our country, right or wrong.

Our country like a Mother you
Have cradled us in right,
And now when duty calls on us,
Just watch your children fight,
Each stripe, each bar, each magic star
Upon the dear old flag,
Will find a million soldiers there
To fight but not to brag.

OUR COUNTRY MAY SHE ALWAYS BE RIGHT

BUT OUR COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG.

PATRIOTIC SONG & CHORUS

BY

PAUL DRESSER

AUTHOR & COMPOSER OF "ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH FAR AWAY" "YOUR GOD COMES FIRST, YOUR COUNTRY NEXT, THEN MOTHER DEAR." ETC

Introduction.

Marcato.

f

f

rall.

1. A - mer - i - ca, our hearts be - long To you our own fair land, . . . And

2. Our coun - try like a Moth - er you Have cra - dled us in right, . . . And

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seven - ty mil - lion pa - tri - ots Are wait - ing hand in hand, . . . To

now when du - ty calls on us, Just watch your child - ren fight, . . . Each

hear the word that bids them on - ward March to - ward the sea, ... And

stripe, each bar, each mag - ic star Up - on the dear old flag, ... Will

hurl de - fi - ance at our foes, Who ev - er they may be. . . . . .

find a mil - lion sol - diers there To fight but not to brag. . . . .

Our Country, may she always be right.

REFRAIN.

Our coun - try, may she al - ways Be right, we love the name, . . . "A -

p

- mer - i - ca" our fa - ther's fought, For you we'll do the same, . . . For

you our life's blood we will give, Your prais - es shout in song, . . Our

coun - try, may she e'er be right, But our coun - try, right or wrong. . .

rall e dim.

Our Country, may she always be right.

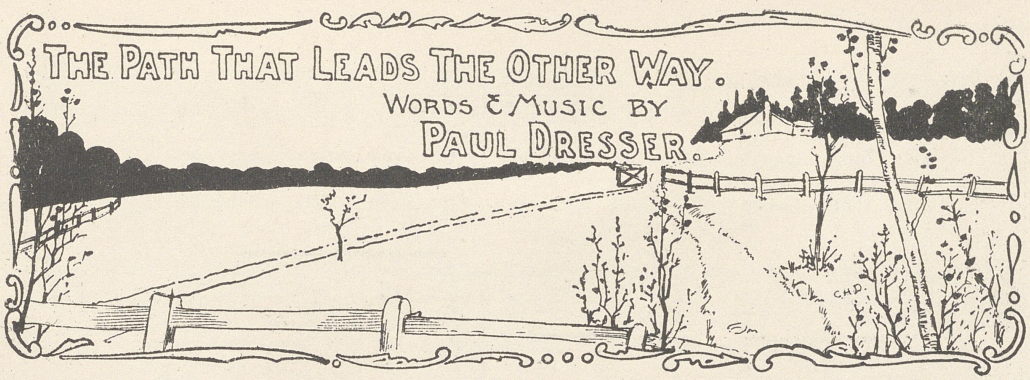
THE PATH THAT LEADS THE OTHER WAY

A mother spoke unto her boy, and told him many things
Would happen in the years to come, the years that manhood brings,
She told him of the trials that his pathway might beset,
And said, "My boy, the lessons of your mother don't forget,"
The youth he coldly listened just because he tho't that he
Was far beyond advising, as boys sometimes will be,
In anger then he left her, there in the old, old home,
Without a friend or helping hand while he went forth to roam.

Refrain

One day he wandered down the path that leads the other way,
He simply drifted from the fold, poor lad, and went astray,
The Shepherd tho' may find him yet and bring him back some day,
While wand'ring down the path that leads the other way.

The years passed by and things had changed the boy of yesterday,
Grew on to flush of manhood, went to cities far away,
He found that friends were few and far between tho' all seemed gay,
While he was wand'ring down the path that leads the other way,
I saw him in his prison cell, how bitterly he cried,
When told that father, mother, both were sleeping side by side,
Upon the hill not far from where he spent his boyhood's day,
The words intended for his good, came back too late they say.



Andante moderato.

mf *rall e dim.* *p*

1. A moth - er spoke un - to her boy, and told him ma - ny things Would hap - pen in the years to come, the years that man - hood brings, She

2. The years passed by and things had changed the boy of yes - ter - day, Grew on to flush of man - hood went to ci - ties far a - way, He

p

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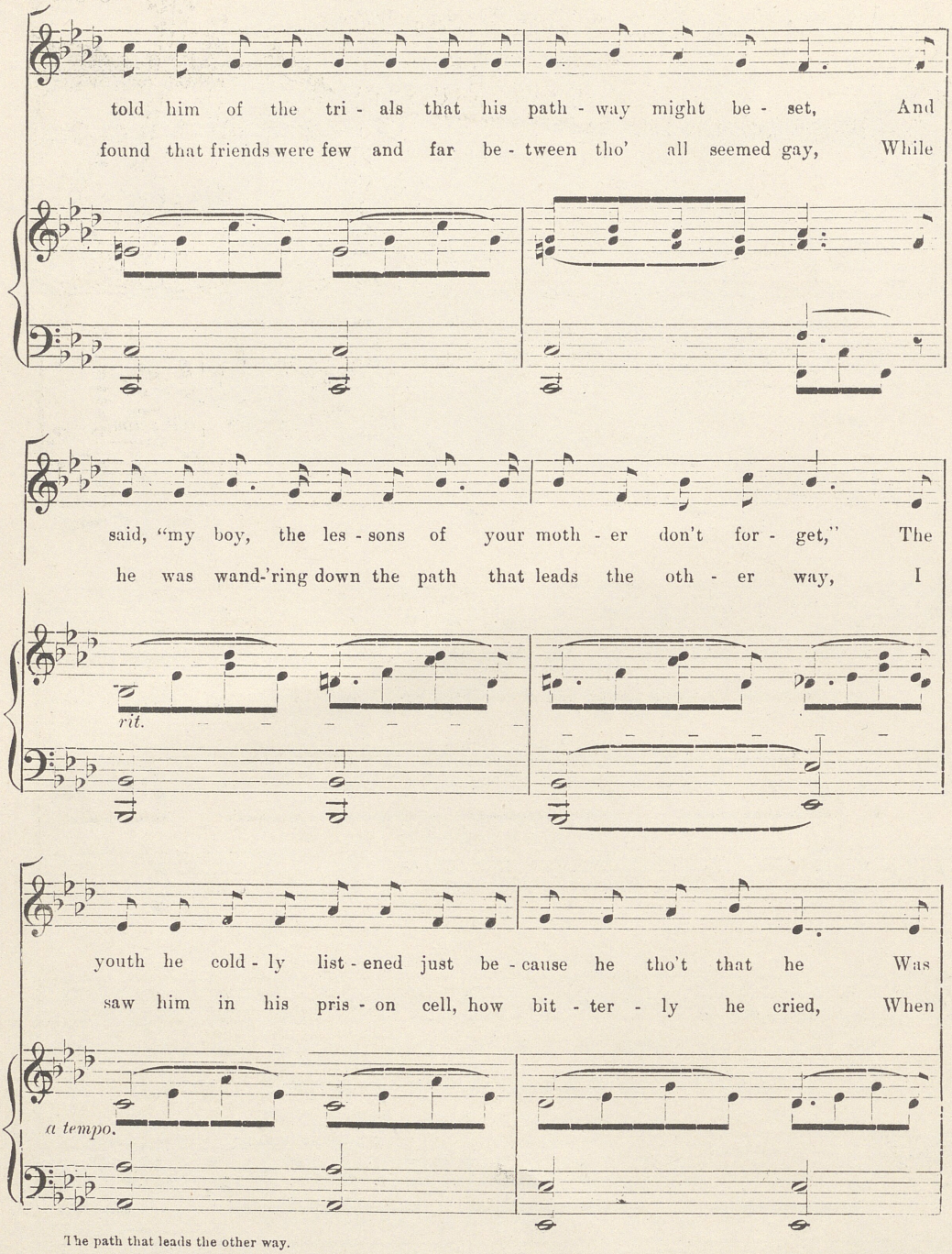
A New Sentimental Hit.



The path that leads the other way.

far be - yond ad - vis - ing, as boys some - times will be, In

told that fa - ther, mother, both were sleep - ing side by side, Up -

an - ger then he left her, there in the old, old home, With

on the hill not far from where he spent his boy - hood's day, The

out a friend or help - ing hand while he went forth to roam,

words in - tend - ed for his good, came back too late they say.

rit. – – – – – –

The path that leads the other way.

REFRAIN.

Espressivo.

One day he wan - dered down the path that leads the oth - er way, He

p

sim - ply drift - ed from the fold, poor lad and went a - stray, The

a tempo.

Shep - herd tho' may find him yet and bring him back some day, While

wand - 'ring down the path that leads the oth - er way.

p *dim.* *pp*

The path that leads the other way. 4—5.

YOUR GOD COMES FIRST, YOUR COUNTRY NEXT, THEN MOTHER DEAR

A lad was going to the war, 'twas on a summer's day,
The sun was slowly sinking in the west,
As if to hide a mother's tears, unbidden tho' they fell,
As her head lay upon his youthful breast,
"Keep up your courage, lad, so much comfort I have had,
You never caused your mother's heart to ache,
From the hearthstone and the plough, war and duty call you now,
I bid you go, fight for your Country's sake."

Refrain

"You're going to the war, my boy, and while you are away,
Remember that a mother's pray'rs are with you night and day,
In battle, lad, remember there is no such word as fear,
Your God comes first, your country next, then mother dear."

The smoke of battle cleared away, and 'neath the moon's pale light
A gallant hero of the U. S. A.
Lay dying with a dear old mother's picture in his hand,
Just one more look ere life should pass away.
His heart had proven true to the old Red, White and Blue,
'Twas mother's wish and yet her heart will ache,
When she hears her darling boy, on the battlefield alone,
Gave up his young life for his Country's sake.

YOUR GOD COMES FIRST, YOUR COUNTRY NEXT, THEN MOTHER DEAR.

Introduction.
Andante moderato.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

mf *p*

1. A lad was go - ing to the war, 'twas on a sum - mer's day, The
2. The smoke of bat - tle cleared a - way, and 'neath the moon's pale light. A

p

sun was slow - ly sink - ing in the west, ... As
gal - lant he - ro of the U. S. A., ... Lay

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if to hide a moth - er's tears, un - bid - den tho' they fell, As
dy - ing with a dear old moth - er's pic - ture in his hand, Just

her head lay up - on his youth - ful breast. . . . . "Keep
one more look ere life should pass a - way. . . . . His

up your cour - age lad, so much com - fort I have had, You
heart had prov - en true to the old Red, White and Blue, 'Twas

Your God comes first, your country next, then mother dear. 4—3.

nev - er caused your moth - er's heart to ache, ... From the

moth - er's wish and yet her heart will ache, ... When she

hearth-stone and the plough, war and du - ty call you now, I

hears her darl - ing boy, on the bat - tle field a - lone, Gave

bid you go, fight for your Coun-try's sake." . . . . . .

up his young life for his Coun-try's sake." . . . . . .

p

Your God comes first, your country next, then mother dear. 4—4.

REFRAIN.

Espressivo.

"You're go - ing to the war, my boy, and while you are a - way, Re-

mem - ber that a moth - er's pray'rs are with you night and day, In

bat - tle lad, re - mem - ber there is no such word as fear, Your

God comes first, your coun - try next, then moth - er dear."

Your God comes first, your country next, then mother dear.

WE FIGHT TOMORROW, MOTHER

In a tiny little village, nestling down among the hills
A widowed mother there besought an only son,
With tears and prayers she begged him, not go to the war,
"They took your father, brother, now they want the other one."
Her tears proved unavailing, that night the neighbors say
He stole out in the darkness, and ere dawn was miles away,
One day there came a letter, 'twas brief, she read it through,
"We fight tomorrow, mother, and my thoughts will be of you."

Refrain

"We fight tomorrow, mother, tho' I've never fought before,
I'll be brave just like father was, on the battle fields of yore,
But I'll return home, mother, my angel one, to you,
We fight tomorrow, mother, for the Red, White and Blue."

In a tiny little village, at the closing of the day,
The shouts of victory were heard, far, far away,
The villagers were gathered, 'neath the Heaven's dome,
And many hearts were aching for the braves were coming home;
Upon a coal black charger, a hero gazed about,
Until he saw a face, and then he gave a mighty shout,
Yet all he said was, "Mother," but it filled a heart with joy,
Tho' he came home a Gen'ral, he was still her darling boy.

Refrain

"We fought the battle, mother, tho' I'd never fought before,
Yet I was brave like father was, on the battle fields of yore,
But I've returned home, mother, my angel one, to you,
We won the battle, mother, for the Red, White and Blue."

We Fight Tomorrow Mother.

SONG and REFRAIN.

Introduction.
Andante moderato.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

mf *rall e dim.* *p*

1. In a ti - ny lit - tle vil - lage, nest - ling down a-mong the hills A
2. In a ti - ny lit - tle vil - lage, at the clos - ing of the day, The

p

wid - owed moth - er there be - sought an on - ly son, With
shouts of vic - to - ry were heard, far, far, a - way, The

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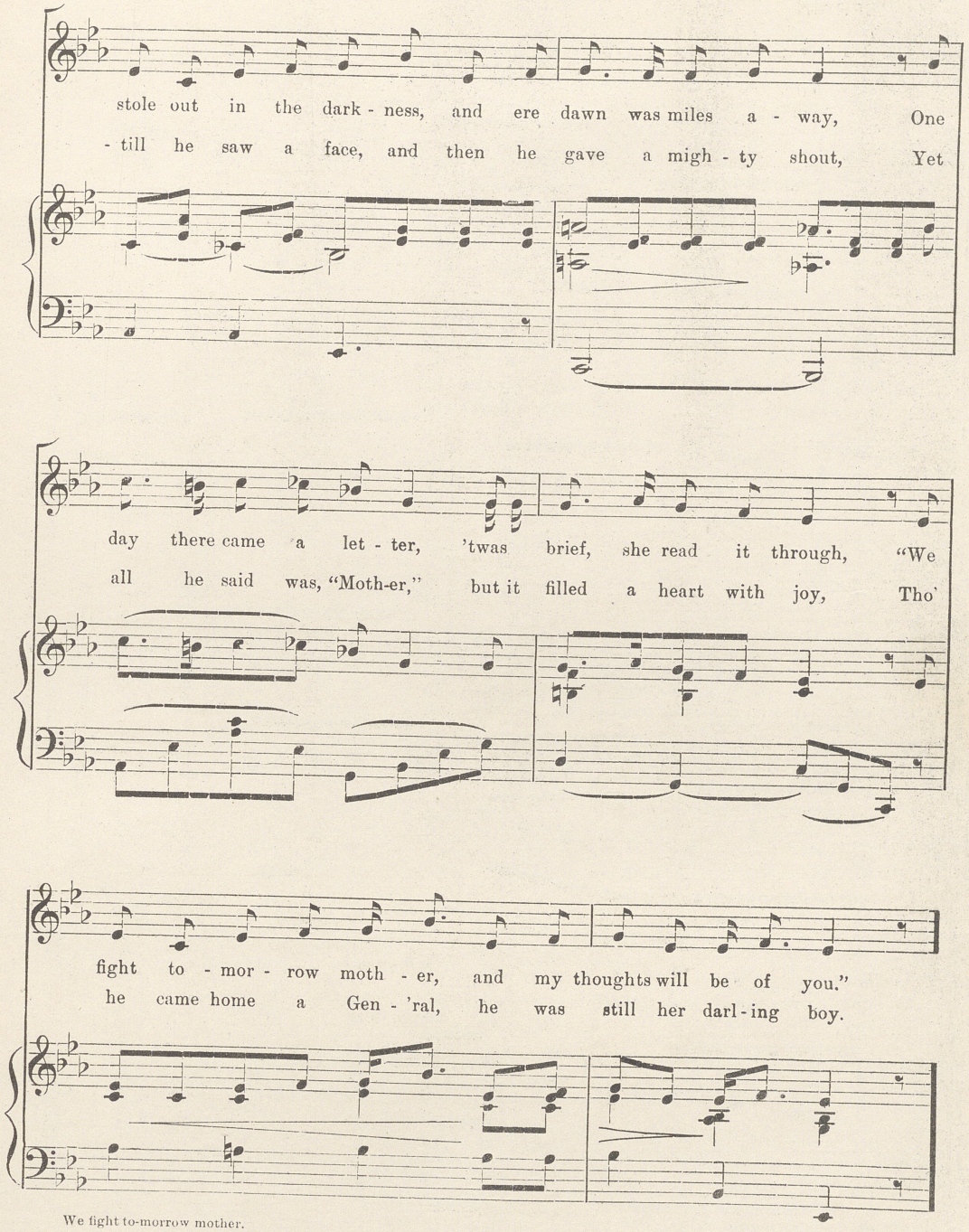
tears and prayers she begged him, not go to the war, "They
vil - la - gers were gath - ered, 'neath the Heav - en's dome, And

took your fa - ther, broth - er, now they want the oth - er one," Her
ma - ny hearts were ach - ing for the braves were com - ing home: Up -

tears proved un - a - vail - ing, that night the neigh - bors say He
- on a coal black charg - er, a he - ro gazed a - bout, Un -

We fight to-morrow mother.



We fight to-morrow mother.

REFRAIN.

"We fight to - mor - row moth - er, tho' I've nev - er fought be - fore. I'll
"We fought the bat - tle moth - er, tho' I'd nev - er fought be - fore, Yet

p

be brave just like fa - ther was, on the bat - tle fields of yore, But
I was brave like fa - ther was, on the bat - tle fields of yore, But

I'll re - turn home, moth - er, my an - gel one to you, We
I've re-turned home, moth - er, my an - gel one to you, We

fight to - mor - row moth - er, for the Red, White and Blue."
won the bat - tle moth - er, for the Red, White and Blue."

f

8va.

We fight to-morrow mother. 4—5.

SWEET SAVANNAH

'Neath a southern sky there stands an humble cottage.
'Neath its roof there sits a mother old and gray,
In the trees around the song-birds they are singing,
Their melodies help while the hours away,
Although I've wandered far and wide, yet never
Have I forgotten her where e'er I'd roam,
Don't weep, dear mother, for your boy is coming,
Back to dear Savannah, home, sweet home.

Refrain

Sweet Savannah, dear Savannah,
There's where the mocking bird is singing blithe and gay,
In Savannah, sweet Savannah,
Scene of my childhood's day.

Very soon I will be back in old Savannah,
Very soon I'll be where sweet magnolias bloom,
And my arms will soon entwine my gray-haired sweet-
heart,
Ere long I'll banish all her tears and gloom,
I love her for she bears the name of mother,
And in my dreams I see her falling tears,
The song-birds seem to know that she is grieving,
And sing to her in her declining years.

SWEET SAVANNAH.

SONG and REFRAIN.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

Introduction.
Andante moderato.

mf *p*

1. 'Neath a south - ern sky there stands an hum - ble cot - tage. 'Neath its
2. Ve - ry soon I will be back in old Sa - van - nah, Ve - ry

p

roof there sits a moth - er old and gray, ... In the
soon I'll be where sweet mag - no - lia's bloom, ... And my

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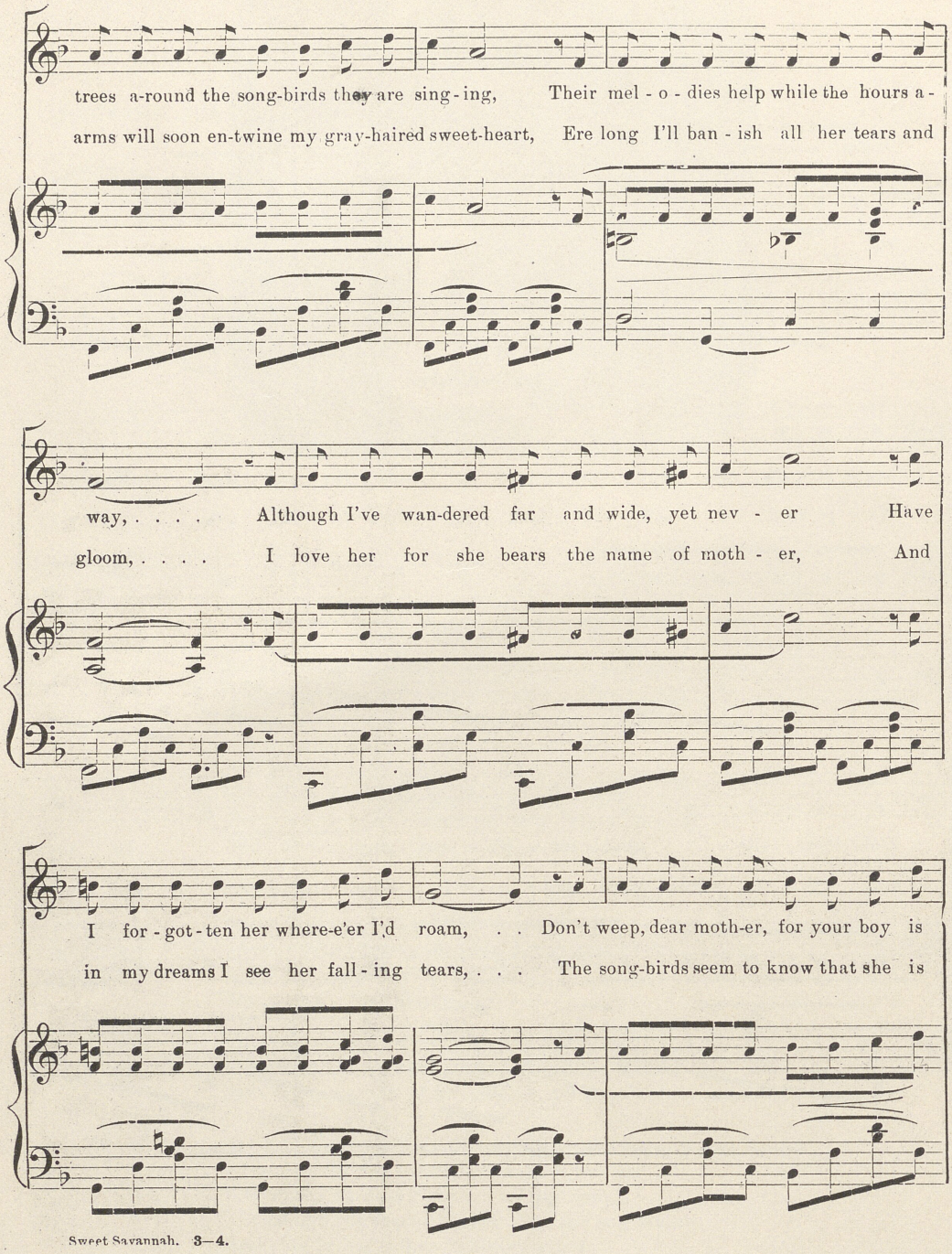

Sweet Savannah. 3—4.

com - ing, Back to dear Sa - van - nah, home, sweet home. . . . . .
griev - ing, And sing to her in her de - clin - ing years. . . . . .

dim. *p*

REFRAIN.
Andante espressivo

{ Sweet / In } Sa - van - nah, dear Sa - van - nah, There's where the

p Espressivo.

mock - ing bird is sing-ing blithe and gay, In Sa - van - nah,

Sweet Sa - van - nah, Scene of my child - hood's day. . . . . .

p *rall e dim.* *pp*

Sweet Savannah. 3—5.

EVERY NIGHT THERE'S A LIGHT;
or
THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW PANE

In a tiny little cottage, hidden by a clump of trees,
There's a woman who has watched for many years,
For the coming of a wanderer, who long since went away,
Leaving naught behind but restless nights and tears,
She never seems to weary, while waiting for her dearie,
Sometimes a cradle song comes on the breeze,
For she sings to ease her sorrow, thinking he will come tomorrow,
And all the time a light shines thro' the trees.

Refrain

Ev'ry night, there's a light shining thro' the window pane,
Like her love for the wayward one, it never seems to wane,
'Tis years since he departed, and altho' she's broken hearted,
The same old light is shining
Thro' the window pane.

Poor soul, she seems to wonder if he ever will return,
Perhaps in some far distant land alone,
In dreams he sees a vision of a burning lamp, and then
Awakes to find it but a dream of home,
Her heart for him is beating, her prayers for him entreating,
The Hand that guides to fill her cup with joy,
While others might seem nearer, motherlike to her he's dearer,
And thro' the trees the light shines for her boy.

Every Night There's a Light.

SONG and REFRAIN.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

Andante moderato.

mf *p*

1. In a ti - ny lit - tle cot - tage, hid - den by a clump of trees, There's a
2. Poor soul she seems to won - der if he ev - er will re - turn, Per -

p

wo - man who has watched for man - y years, ... For the
- haps in some far dis - tant land a - lone, ... In

com - ing of a wan - der - er, who long since went a - way, Leaving
dreams he sees a vis - ion of a burn - ing lamp, and then A -

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naught be - hind but rest - less nights and tears, ... She
- wakes to find it but a dream of home, ... Her

nev - er seems to wea - ry, while wait - ing for her dear - ie, Some-
heart for him is beat - ing, her prayers for him en - treat - ing, The

times a cra - dle song comes on the breeze, ... For she
Hand that guides to fill her cup with joy, ... While

sings to ease her sor - row, think - ing he will come to - mor - row, And
oth - ers might seem near - er, moth - er - like to her he's dear - er, And

Every night there's a light. 3—4.

all the time a light shines thro' the trees. . . . . .
thro' the trees the light shines for her boy. . . . . .

REFRAIN.

Espressivo.

Ev - 'ry night, there's a light shin - ing thro' the win-dow pane, Like her love for the

Espressivo. *p*

cres.

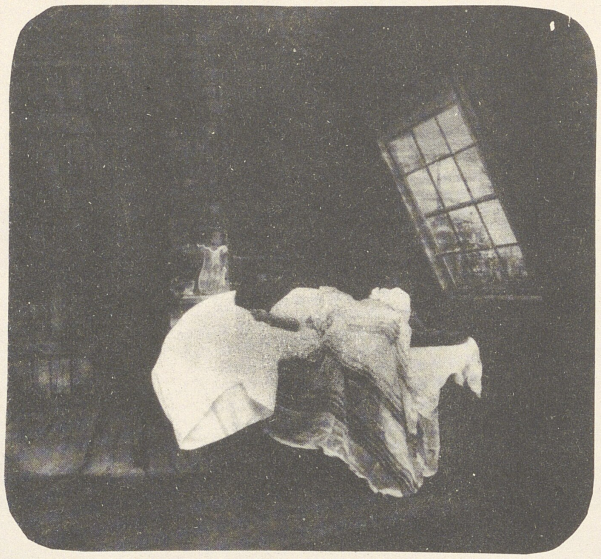
way - ward one, it nev - er seems to wane, 'Tis years since he de - part-ed, and al -

cres.

- tho' she's bro - ken heart - ed, The same old light is shining Thro' the win - dow pane.

rall. col voce. *p*

Every night there's a light. 3—5.



YOU'SE JUST A LITTLE NIGGER, STILL YOU'SE MINE, ALL MINE

Dere ain't no use o' cryin' now,
So niggy go to sleep,
Dere ain't no use o' fussin', nigger babies mustn't weep,
We ain't got all de comforts like the white folks, rich an' fine,
You'se just a little nigger, still you'se mine, all mine,
You ain't got silks and satins,
Fur me to wrap you in.
You ain't got any silver spoon, dis yar one's made o' tin,
But when de Springtime comes around de birds and breezes too,
Will sing, an' all de flowers in de woods will bloom for you.

Refrain

You'se jest a little nigger, still you'se mine, all mine,
And when you rolls yo' great big eyes why how dey shine,
Your mammy loves you dearly,
And will all time,
You'se jest a little nigger, still you'se mine, all mine.

Perhaps you don't amount to much,
But niggy jest de same,
Some day among de cullud folks you'll have a great big name,
Of course some of de white folks think dat somehow you won't do,
But you trust in de Lordy an' he'll sho' take care o' you.
De sunshine from de Heabens,
An' de fallin' of de rain,
Am 'tended for de white folks and de black ones jest de same,
De very sweetes' melon sometimes has de greenes' rind,
You'se jest a little nigger, still you'se mine, all mine.

YOU'SE JUST A LITTLE NIGGER, STILL YOU'SE MINE, ALL MINE.

LULLABY.

Andante moderato.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

mf *p dim.* *pp*

Con espressivo.

1. Dere ain't no use o' cry - in now, So nig - gy go to sleep, Dere
2. Per - haps you don't a - mount to much, But nig - gy jest de same, Some

p

ain't no use o' fuss - in, nig - ger ba - bies must - n't weep, We
day a - mong de cull - ud folks you'll have a great big name, Of

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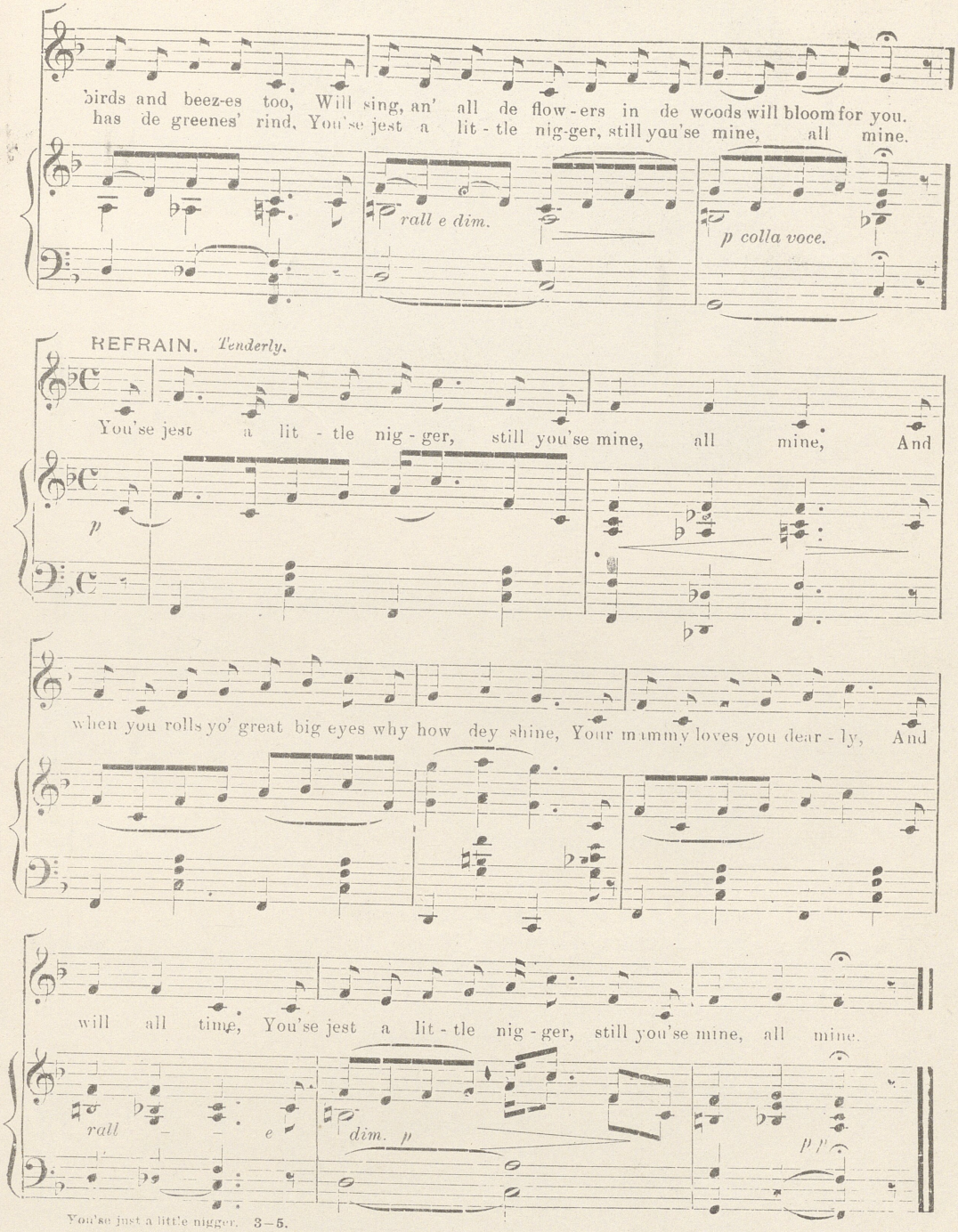
ain't got all de com - forts like de white folks, rich an' fine, You'se
course some of de white folks think dat some how you won't do, But

jest a lit - tle nig - ger, still you'se mine, all mine, You
you trust in de Lord - y an' he'll sho' take care o' you, De

ain't got silks and sat - ins, Fur me to wrap you in, You ain't got an - y
sunshine from de Heabens, An' de fall - in' of de rain, Am 'tend-ed for de

sil - ver spoon, dis yar ones made o' tin, But when de Springtime comes around de
white folks an' de black ones jest de same, De ve - ry sweetes' mel - on sometimes

You'se just a little nigger. 3—4.



You'se just a litt'e nigger. 3—5.

COME TELL ME WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER YES OR NO

By the stars that brightly shine tonight, love,
I swear that I love you,
By yonder moon that sheds its mellow light, love,
I promise I'll be true,
By the mem'ry of a sacred past, love,
In sunshine, rain, or winter's icy blast, love,
Unending my devotion to the last, love,
What more can I say to you?

Refrain

When I place my arms around you, sweetheart,
When I tell to you my tale of love,
Of the future which now lies before us,
Far brighter than the skies above,
Do not think it just an idle fancy,
For all the world a lover loves, you know.
'Tis true mankind is fickle, still I love you,
Come tell me what's your answer, Yes or No.

If the rose on yonder bush could speak, love,
'Twould say that I love you,
The flowers all have secrets, won't you seek, love,
They'll tell you I am true,
The fireflies that brighten up the night, love,
With tiny lamps have watch'd us in their flight, love,
I'm sure that they would take a great delight, love,
In whisp'ring that I love you.

To my friend THEO. F. MORSE, New York City.

COME TELL ME WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER, YES OR NO.

SONG & CHORUS.

BY PAUL DRESSER.

Moderato.

mf

1. By the stars that bright - ly shine to - night, love, I swear that I love you, ... By yon - der moon that sheds its mel - low light, love,

2. If the rose on yon - der bush could speak, love, 'Twould say that I love you, ... The flow - ers all have se - crets, won't you seek, love,

p

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I prom - ise I'll be true, ... By the mem - 'ry of a sa - cred
They'll tell you I am true, ... The fire - flies that bright - en up the

past, love, In sun - shine, rain, or win - ter's i - cy blast, love, Un -
night, love, With ti - ny lamps have watch'd us in their flight, love, I'm

- end - ing my de - vo - tion to the last, love, What more can I say to you?
sure that they would take a great de - light, love, In whisp - 'ring that I love you.

REFRAIN. *Tempo di Gavotte.*

When I place my arms a - round you sweet - heart, When I tell to you my tale of

mf

Come tell me what's your answer, Yes, or No. 3—4.

love, ... Of the fu - ture which now lies be - fore us, . . . Far

poco rit. *a tempo.*

bright - er than the skies a - bove, . . . Do not think it just an i - dle

poco rit. *a tempo.*

fan - cy, . . . For all the world a lov - er loves you know, . . . 'Tis

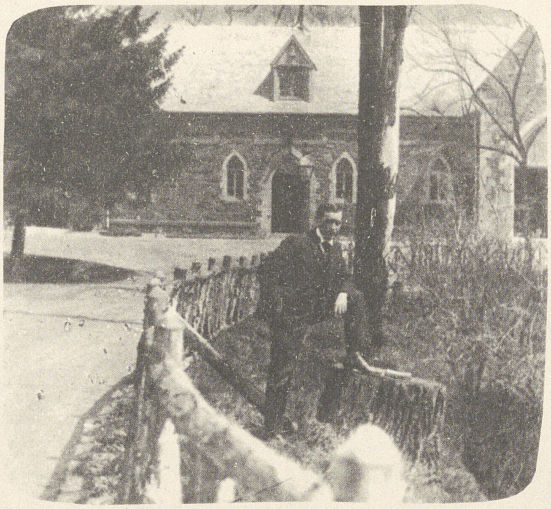
rall.

dim.

true mankind is fick - le, still I love you, Come tell me what's your answer, Yes, or No. . . . .

a tempo. *dim.* *p*

Come tell me what's your answer, Yes, or No. 3 – 5.



THE OLD FLAME FLICKERS, AND I WONDER WHY

Oh, vain regret, why linger yet,
Why come you now again?
Why pangs impart, to an aching heart,
A heart half dead with pain?
I loved her yes, that I'll confess,
When evening time draws nigh,
That same sweet face in ev'ry place,
I see and wonder why.

Chorus

Still the old flame flickers, and I wonder why,
For we have not met in many years,
Now and again there comes a pain,
A feeling I sometimes felt when in tears,
We're strangers now, no binding vow,
Forget the past I try,
When day is done, and I'm all alone,
The old flame flickers, and I wonder why.

'Twas long ago, I loved her so,
How happy then were we,
No unkind word was ever heard,
It simply had to be,
She went her way, one Winter's day,
With no faults to condone,
The past is dead, if tears were shed,
The tears fell all alone.

THE OLD FLAME FLICKERS, AND I WONDER WHY.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

Andante expressivo.

mf *p* *pp*

1, Oh, vain re - gret, why lin - ger yet, Why come you now a - gain? . . Why
2. 'Twas long a - go, I loved her so, How hap - py then were we, . . . No

p

pangs im - part, to an ach - ing heart, A heart half dead with pain? . . I
un - kind word was ev - er heard, It sim - ply had to be, . . . She

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loved her yes, that I'll con - fess, When eve - ning time draws nigh, ... That

went her way, one Win - ter's day, With no faults to con - done, ... The

same sweet face in ev - 'ry place, I see and won - der why, ...

past is dead, if tears were shed, The tears fell all a - lone. . . . . .

CHORUS.

Con expressivo.

Still the old flame flickers, and I won-der why, For we have not met in ma-ny years, . . . Now

p

The old flame flickers, and I wonder why. 3—4.

and a-gain there comes a pain, A feeling I sometimes felt when in tears, We're

stran - gers now, no bind - ing vow, For - get the past I try, ... When

rall. - - - - - *dim.* - - *p* *pp* *ppp*

day is done, and I'm all a - lone, The old flame flickers, and I won-der why. . .

rall. - - - *dim. coll avoce.* *p* *pp* *ppp*

The old flame flickers, and I wonder why. 3—5.

IN GOOD OLD NEW YORK TOWN

In far off Santiago
When the troops were coming home
A soldier boy was left behind to die.
"I want to go home with you
They will miss me there I'm sure,
Don't leave me here behind" I heard him cry.
The transports sail'd away
On a burning summer's day
And as they lazily put out to sea
It seem'd that o'er the bay
As tho' from far away
Came the last words that he'd said to me:

Refrain

"Take me back to New York town
If I'm going to die
I've a longing to be there,
I long but don't know why,
Perhaps there's little now to gain
The clock of time's run down
I feel that I could rest in peace
In good old New York town."

All alone they left him
With a burning fever there,
What the end would be no one could tell.
But loving hands and hearts were
Swiftly coming o'er the sea
To take him to the place he loved so well.
Neglect and cruel fate
Made their coming all too late
The seal of death was written in his eye
"I've only one request
Take me home I want to rest
In good old New York if I'm going to die."

IN GOOD OLD NEW YORK TOWN.

PAUL DRESSER.

Andante moderato.

mf *p*

In far off San-ti - a - go When the troops were coming home A
All a - lone they left him With a burning fe - ver there,

p

sol - dier boy was left be - hind to die. "I
What the end would be no one could tell. But

want to go home with you They will miss me there I'm sure, Don't
lov - ing hands and hearts were Swiftly com - ing o'er the sea To

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leave me here be - hind" I heard him cry. The
take him to the place he loved so well. Neg-

transports sail'd a - way On a burn - ing summer's day And
lect and cru - el fate Made their com - ing all too late The

as they la - zi - ly put out to sea It seem'd that o'er the bay As
seal of death was written in his eye "I've on - ly one request – Take me

tho' from far a - way Came the last words that he'd said to me:
home I want to rest In good old New York if I'm going to die."

In Good Old New York Town.

REFRAIN. Espressivo.

"Take me back to New York town If I'm going to die

p

I've a longing to be there, I long but don't know why, Per-

haps there's lit - tle now to gain The clock of time's run down I

feel that I could rest in peace In good old New York town."

f

I WONDER WHERE SHE IS TO-NIGHT

A mother on a winter's eve, sat by the firelight,
Now and then the fitful flame told of the waning night,
All alone in her old age with naught but care and strife,
Her thoughts turn to the one bright gleam of sunshine in her life,
A pretty maid with golden hair, and eyes of brightest blue,
One evening in the past had strangely disappeared from view,
No word had ever come from her, no tidings of her flight,
With tear-dimmed eyes she rocks and sighs, and wonders where she is tonight.

Chorus

I wonder where she is tonight, what can the matter be,
I wonder if some guiding hand will bring her back to me,
I wonder if the angels guard her in the gray twilight,
I wonder if she says her prayers where e'er she be tonight.

Slowly rocking to and fro, too tired now to weep,
Thinking of the missing one the mother falls asleep,
A form then enters thro' the door, it almost seems to glide
Toward the old arm chair, at last she stands by mother's side,
Then two arms creep around her neck, she's smiling in her dream,
A kiss is pressed upon her lips, she wakens with a scream,
"Forgive your Madge for going away, let her explain her flight,"
"There's naught but love for you my child, I was won-d'ring where you were tonight."

I WONDER WHERE SHE IS TONIGHT.

SONG and CHORUS.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

Andante moderato.

mf

1. A
2.

p

moth - er on a win - ter's eve, sat by the fire - light,
Slow - ly rock - ing to and fro, too tired now to weep,

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Now and then the fit - ful flame told of the wa - ning night,
Thinking of the miss - ing one the moth - er falls a - sleep, A

All a - lone in her old age with naught but care and strife, Her
form then en - ters thro' the door it al - most seems to glide To

thoughts turn to the one bright gleam of sun - shine in her life, A
- ward the old arm chair, at last she stands by moth - er's side, Then

pret - ty maid with gold - en hair, and eyes of bright - est blue, One
two arms creep a - round her neck, she's smil - ing in her dream, A

I wonder where she is tonight. 4—3.

eve - ning in the past had strange - ly dis - ap - peared from view, No
kiss is pressed up - on her lips, she wak - ens with a scream, "For

word had ev - er come from her, no tid - ings of her flight, With
- give your Madge for going a - way, let her ex - plain her flight, "There's

rall e dim.

tear dimmed eyes she rocks and sighs. and wonders where she is to-night.
naught but love for you my child, I was wond'ring where you were to-night.

rall e dim.

CHORUS.
Andante espressivo.

I won - der where she is to - night what can the mat - ter be, I

p

I wonder where she is tonight. 4—4.

won - der if some guid - ing hand will bring her back to me, I

won - der if the an - gels guard her in the grey twi - light. I

won - der if she says her prayers where e'er she be to - night.

rall. e dim.

p

pp *pp*

I wonder where she is tonight.

THERE'S WHERE MY HEART IS TONIGHT

Back to the scenes of a bygone year,
My thoughts turn tonight,
Back to a spot to my heart most dear,
Where the moon seemed to shine more bright,
Back to a tiny, winding stream,
That gave me a childish fright,
For it seemed like a mighty ocean then,
There's where my heart is tonight.

Chorus

There's where my heart is tonight,
Back where the moon shone bright,
Long do I sigh for days gone by,
For there's where my heart is tonight.

Back to the log cabin hung o'er the creek,
Whippowill to hear,
Back to the dearest friend on earth,
My guardian mother dear,
Only a moment at her knee,
As the day fades into twilight,
Oh, for a glimpse of the dear, dead past,
There's where my heart is tonight.

There's where my Heart is tonight.

SONG and CHORUS.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

Moderato.

p

rall e dim.

1. Back to the scenes of a by - gone year, My thoughts
2. Back to the log that hung o'er the creek, Whip - po -

p

turn to - night, ... Back to a spot to my
- will to hear, ... Back to the dear - est

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heart most dear, Where the moon seemed to shine more bright, ...

friend on earth, My guar - di - an moth - er dear, ...

Back to a ti - ny, wind - ing stream, That gave me a

On - ly a mo - ment at her knee, As the day fades in

child - ish fright, ... For it seemed like a might - y

- to twi - light, ... Oh, for a glimpse of the

There's where my heart is tonight. 3—4.

o - cean then, There's where my heart is to - night. . . .

dear, dead past. There's where my heart is to - night. . . .

rall e dim

CHORUS.

There's where my heart is to - night. . Back where the moon shone bright, .

p

Long do I sigh for days gone by, For there's where my heart is to - night.

rall e dim.

There's where my heart is tonight. 3—5.

THE CURSE OF THE DREAMER

'Tis ended, she's gone
Forgive her, no never,
Gone with another
Forever, forever.
Angels above
Demons below.
List to my plaint for I want you to know
That the curse of the ages shall follow her on
In ev'ry land and clime,
Her heart shall ache like an aspen quake,
From now 'till the end of time,
My pray'rs shall bring misery on her head
And down in the earth shall she grovel
A mis'rable wretch in a potter's field grave
To the requiem clang of the shovel.
Somewhere a heart is sighing
Out in the night a sad voice is crying
May the curse of the ages and misery follow her to the gates of eternity.
At her grave my hate shall have its beginning
No mercy for her, no rest for her sinning.
Spirits of air, dead of the sea,
Pause for a moment and list unto me.
At the heavenly gates where we all shall meet
I'll be on the Judgment Day
Victim of her dark deeds in the past
I'll be there just to bar the way.
No heaven for me for revenge is sweet
With a fiendish incarnation
Thro' the gates of perdition I'll follow her on to eternal and lasting damnation.
Why have I been sighing
Why have I been crying
Here you are, love, by my side
'Twas only a dream, not true,
You are here, love, your eyes beaming
And I have only been dreaming
In all this world, this world so wide, there is none, my love, like you.
In all this world so wide
There is none, my love, like you.

THE CURSE OF THE DREAMER.

Descriptive Solo
for
Mezzo Soprano or Baritone.

Written and Composed
by PAUL DRESSER.

Maestoso. **Andte Espr.**

f *mf*

Recit.

'Tis end_ed she's gone For_give her no nev_er,

mf

poco rall. *a tempo.*

Gone with an_oth_er For_ev_er, for_ev_er. An_gel's a_bove

poco rall. *a tempo.*

De_mon's be_low. *rit.* List to my plaint for I want you to know

rit.

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Tempo I.

That the curse of the a - ges shall fol - - low her

mf

on___ In ev - 'ry land and clime,___ Her

heart___ shall ache___ like an asp - - en quake,___ Fron.

f

now___ 'till the end of time,___ My pray'rs shall bring

f *mf*

The Curse, etc.

mis - - er - y on her head And down in the

earth shall she grov - el A mis - - 'ra - ble

più cresc.

cresc.

wretch in a pot - ter's field grave To the re - - qui - em

accel. *poco rall.*

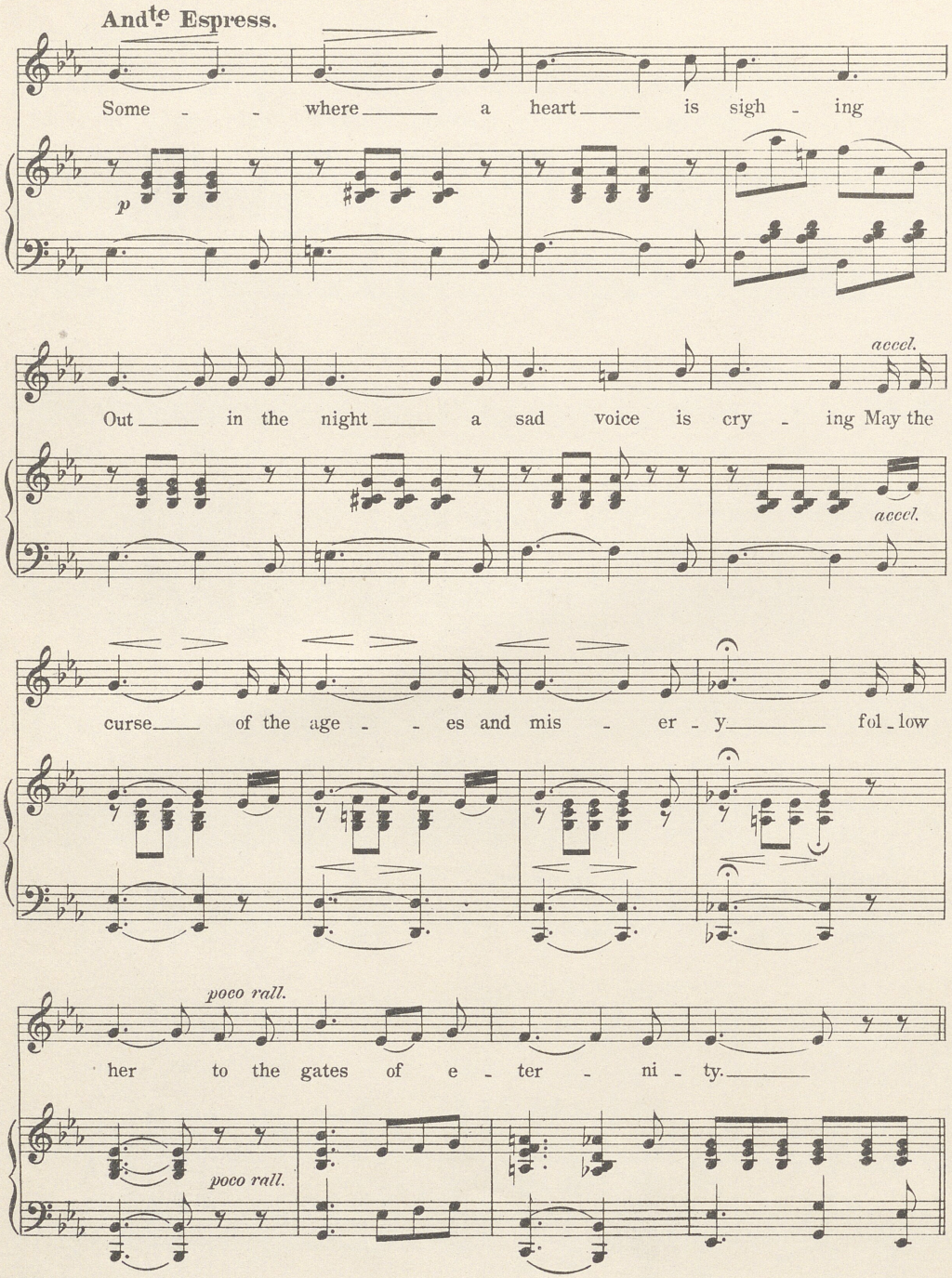
accel. *poco rall.*

clang of the sho - vel.

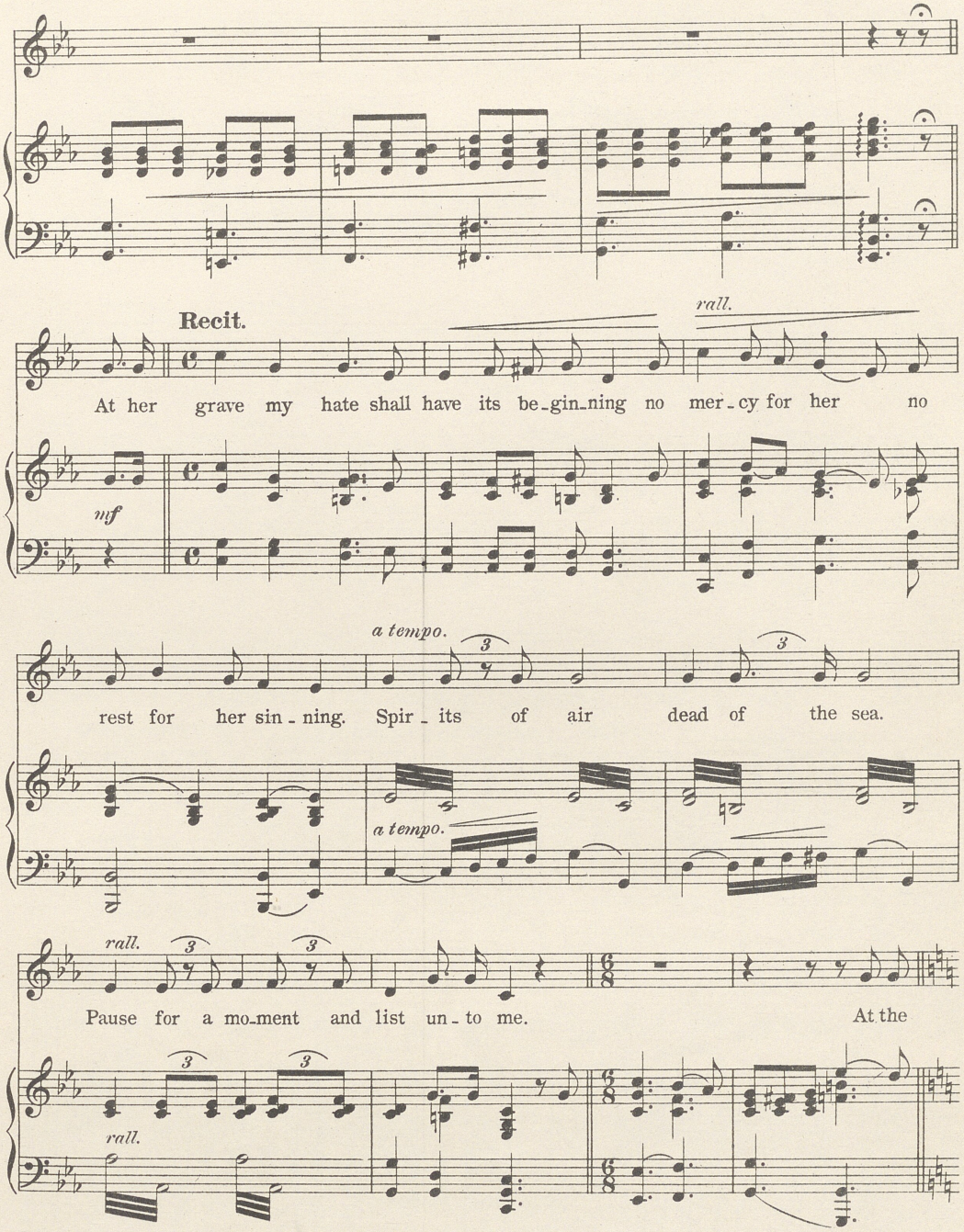
a tempo.

f a tempo.

The Curse, etc.



The Curse. etc.



The Curse. etc.

Tempo I.

heav - - en-ly gates where we all shall meet I'll

mf *Harpedio.*

be on the Judge - ment day.

cresc. *a tempo.*

Vic - - tim of her dark deeds in the past I'll be

a tempo.

rit. *f* *a tempo.*

there just to bar the way. No heav - en for

rit. *a tempo.*

The Curse. etc.

me for re - venge is sweet With a fiend - ish

in - car - na - tion, Thro' the gates of per - di - tion I'll

cresc.

cresc.

accel. *poco rall.*

fol - low her on to e - ter - nal and last - ing dam - na - tion.

f *mf poco rall.*

Amoroso Andante.

Why have I been sigh - ing Why have I been cry - ing Here you are love

mf

The Curse. etc.

rall. *a tempo.*

by my side 'Twas on - ly a dream, not true, You are here, love, your eyes beaming

rit. *rall.*

And I have on - ly been dream - ing In all this world, this world so wide, there is

rall. *più mosso.* *morendo.*

none, my love like you. In all this world so wide There is

dim.

none my love like you.

The Curse. etc.

COME HOME, DEWEY,
WE WON'T DO A THING TO YOU.

From far away Manila a hero grand and great
Is speeding t'wards the land that gave him birth;
Tho' tired and worn from battle when you come sailing home
Your welcome will be heard o'er all the earth;
Let other nations worship their heroes if they will,
To us you're just plain Dewey tried and true,
But if there's anything you want from us just say the word;
Ev'ry heart in this broad land belongs to you.

Chorus

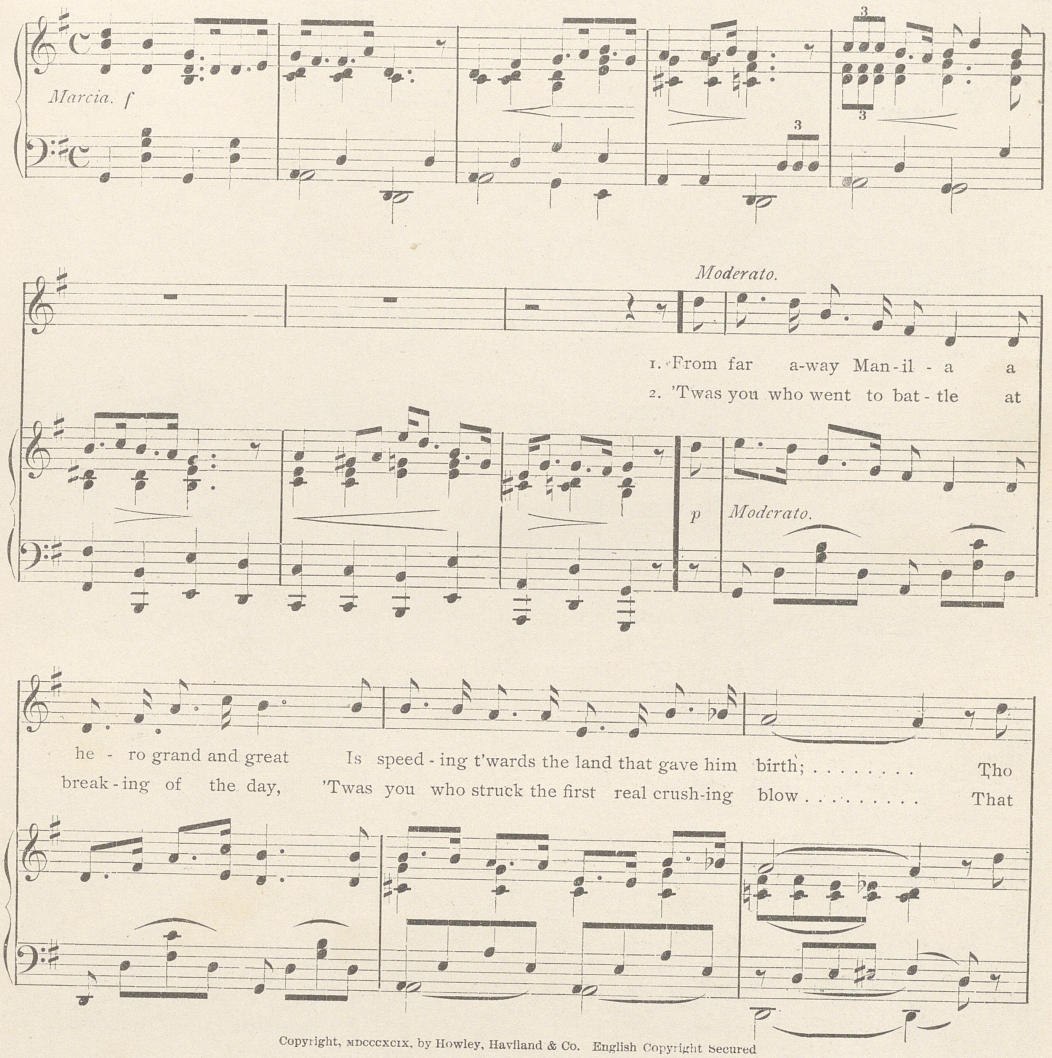
Come home, Dewey, we won't do a thing to you,
Grand hero of the Red, White and Blue;
Seventy million people, with nothing else to do,
Wait for your coming and they'll make it warm for you.

'Twas you who went to battle at breaking of the day,
'Twas you who struck the first real crushing blow
That changed the map and made us in the eyes of all the world
A nation great with friend as well as foe,
Why, little babes are lisping your name in mothers' arms,
It's "Dewey's coming home" where'er you go;
The old folks' eyes are filled with tears whene'er they think of you;
Don't blame them—it's because they love you so.

Come Home, Dewey,

We Won't Do a Thing to You.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.



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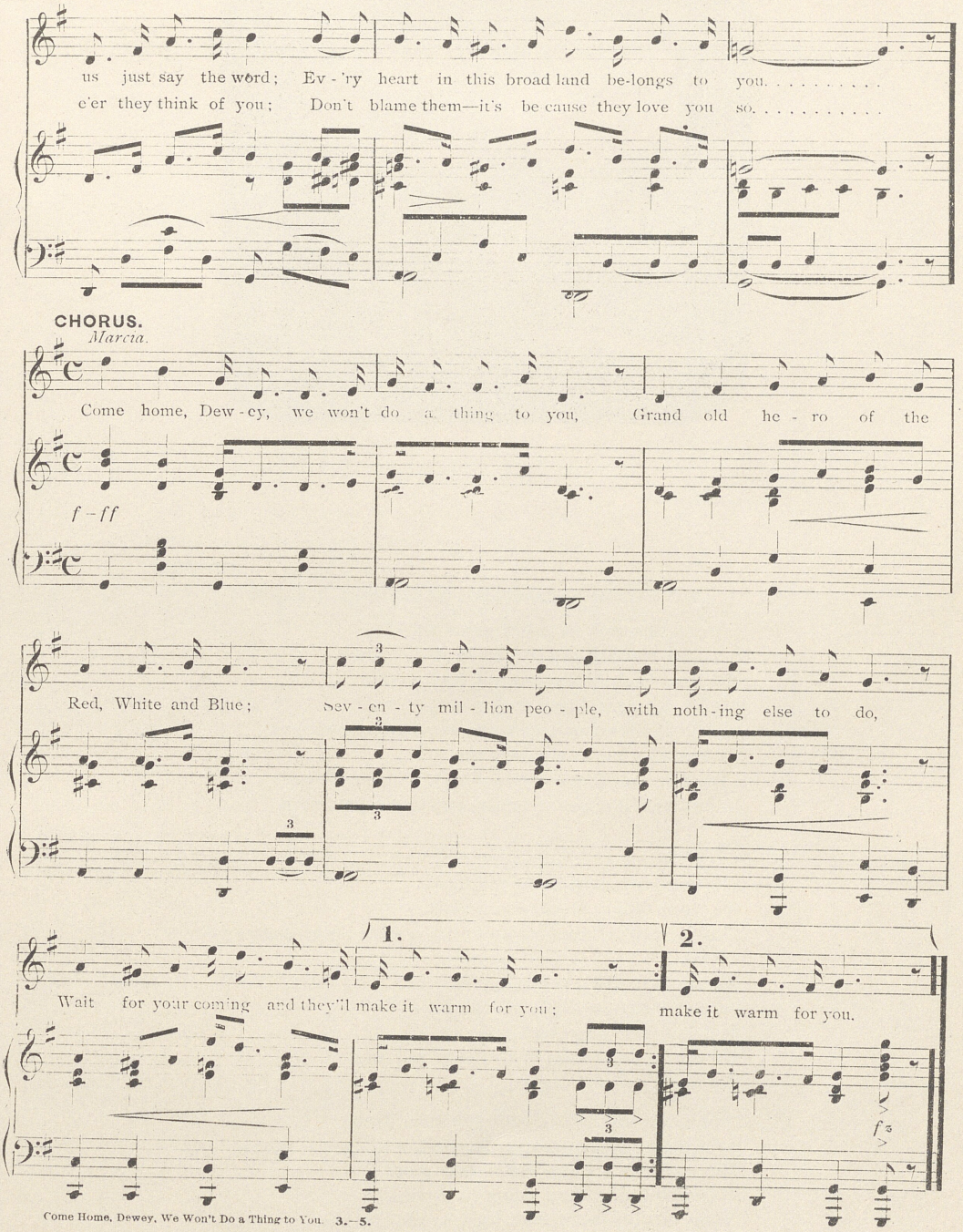
tired and worn from bat-tle when you come sail - ing home Your wel-come will be heard o'er all the
changed the map and made us in the eyes of all the world A na-tion great with friend as well as

earth; . . . . . Let oth - er na - tions wor - ship their he - roes if they will, To
foe, ... Why, lit - tle babes are lisp - ing your name in moth - ers' arms, It's

us you're just plain Dewey tried and true, ... But if there's an - y-thing you want from
"Dew - ey's com-ing home" where'er you go; . . . . . The old folks' eyes are filled with tears when-

Come Home, Dewey, We Won't Do a Thing to You. 3.–4.



Come Home, Dewey, We Won't Do a Thing to You. 3.—5.

WE CAME FROM THE SAME OLD STATE

I met a dear old friend of other days,
A friend whom I'd not seen in many years,
He drew back in the shadow as I passed
And in his eyes I saw the coming tears;
My heart ached as I thought of what we were
To one another in the long ago,
I took his hand in mine and said, "Come, Tom,
In boyhood we were friends, and don't you know,"

Chorus

We came from the same old State,
We came from the same old town;
Chums thro' all our boyhood days, with never a care or
frown,
We strolled down the same old lane,
Beneath the moon's bright gleam,
And say, will you ever forget when
We sat on the banks of the same old stream,
But then we were boys.

It seems misfortune grimly followed Tom
Ever since our parting in the past,
The lustre in his eye was almost gone,
Ill health and misery clung to the last;
'Twas not his fault, poor boy, he did the best
That one can do in sorrow and in pain,
So in a gentle way I said, "Old friend,
I'm with you till you're well and strong again."

TO MY FRIENDS, JUDGE AND MRS. McCABE, WILLIAMSPORT, IND.

We Came from the Same Old State.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL DRESSER.

Marciale.

f

I met a dear old friend of oth - er days..... A
It seems mis - for - tune grim - ly fol - lowed Tom.....

p

friend whom I'd not seen in ma - ny years..... He
Ev - er since our part - ing in the past..... The

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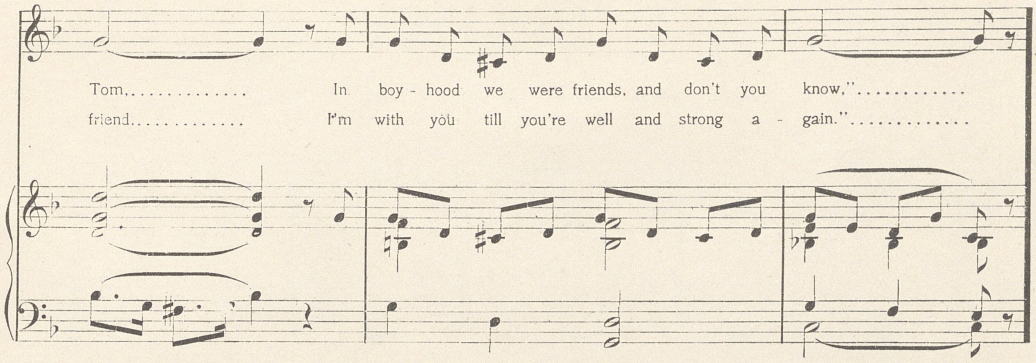
drew back in the shad - ow as I passed..... And in his eyes I saw the com - ing
lus - tre in his eye was al - most gone..... Ill health and mis - er - y clung to the

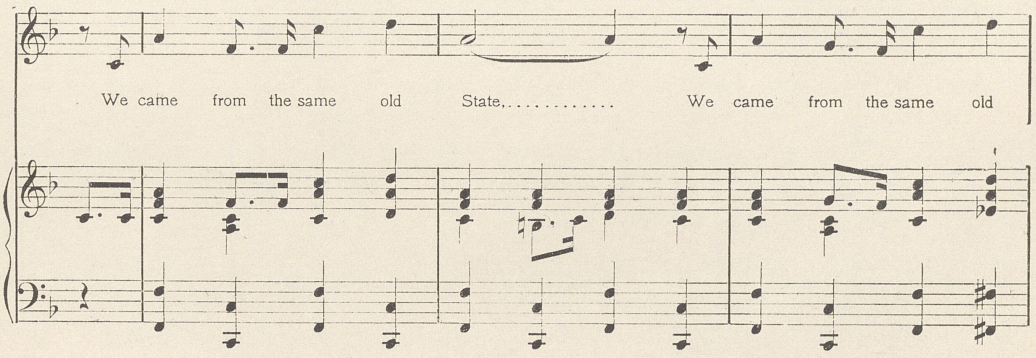
tears;..... My heart ached as I thought of what we were..... To
last,..... 'Twas not his fault, poor boy, he did the best..... That

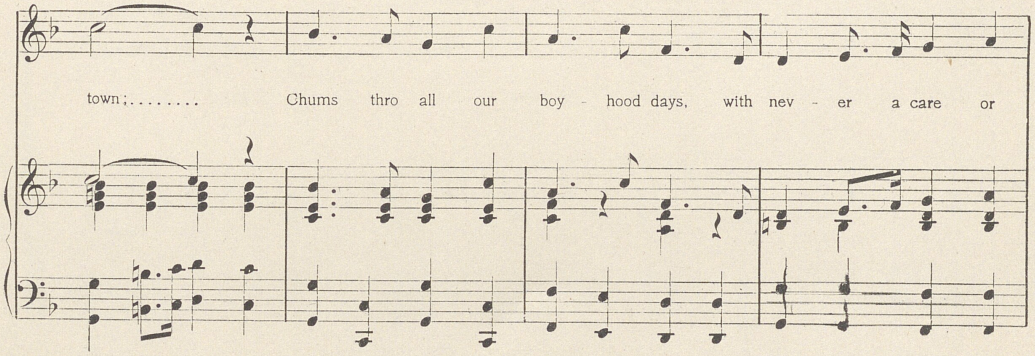
one an - oth - er in the long a - go,..... I took his hand in mine and said, "Come,
one can do in sor - row and in pain..... So in a gen - tle way I said, "Old

We Came From The Same Old State. 4 pp—2d p.



CHORUS.





We Came From The Same Old State. 4 pp—3d p.

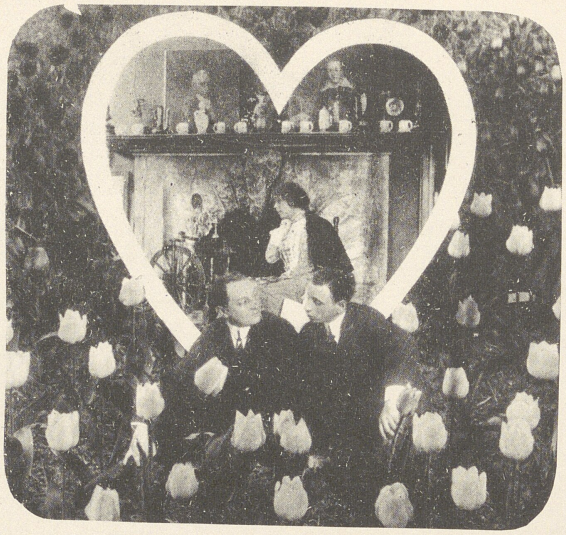
frown..... We strolled down the same old lane,..... Be

neath the moon's bright gleam,..... And say, will you ev - er for - get when We

Andante.

sat on the banks of the same old stream. But then we were boys.....

We Came From The Same Old State. 4 pp—4th p.



I WONDER IF SHE'LL EVER COME BACK TO ME

'Tis just three years ago, since she went away,
Just three years since I lost my Queen,
She wandered out one evening, at closing of the day,
Since that time she's ne'er been seen,
In vain I looked for tidings, some word if nothing more,
For news of any kind would welcome be,
The months and years have passed and all I do is wonder, now,
If she'll ever come back to me.

Chorus

I wonder if she'll ever come back to me,
I wonder if her sweet face I'll ever see,
Each day in grief and sorrow,
I'm longing for the morrow,
I wonder if she'll ever come back to me?

When evening, gloom hangs o'er me, and the lights are dim,
Tis then the heartaches come and go,
It does seem awful lonesome, to know you've not a friend,
I never tho't I'd miss her so;
And thus I sit and wonder, why she ever went away,
No word of anger in the past had we,
She just went out, without good-bye, since then I'm wondering,
If she'll ever come back to me?

I WONDER IF SHE'LL EVER COME BACK TO ME.

WORDS & MUSIC BY

PAUL DRESSER

author of

"JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME"

Moderato.

mf *p*

1. 'Tis just three years a - go, since she went a - way, Just three years since I lost my queen, ... She wandered out one evening, at

2. When eve-ning, gloom hangs o'er me, and the lights are dim, 'Tis then the heartaches come and go, ... It does seem aw - ful lonesome, to

p

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clos - ing of the day, Since that time she's ne'er been seen, ... In
know you've not a friend, I nev - er tho't I'd miss her so; . . . . . And

vain I looked for tid - ings, some word if noth - ing more, For
thus I sit and won - der, why she ev - er went a - way, No

news of an - y kind would welcome be, ... The months and years have passed and all I
word of an - ger in the past had we. . . . . She just went out, without good-bye, since

do is won - der, now, If she'll ev - er come back to me? . . . . .
then I'm wonder - ing, If she'll ev - er come back to me? . . . . .

I wonder if she'll ever come back to me. 3—4.

CHORUS.

I won - der if she'll ev - er come back to me, I

mf

won - der if her sweet face I'll ev - er see, Each

day in grief and sor - row, I'm long - ing for the mor - row, I

won - der if she'll ev - er come back to me?

I wonder if she'll ever come back to me. 3—5.

WHEN DE MOON COMES UP BEHIND DE HILL

De bumble bees am tired of dere buzzin',
De singin' birds hab all gone to dere nests,
De chickens too am weary of dere fussin',
Dey am roostin' high, but all am gone to rest;
De tree-toad am a singin' in de tree-top,
Jes like a great big ghost dat's got a chill,
And 'fore ye knows de moon will come a creepin'
Like a great big pumpkin up behind de hill.

Chorus

All you wooley heads, run 'long to bed now,
Dar's a black man down behind de mill
Who's gwine to wallop all de pick-a-ninnies,
When de moon comes up behind de hill.

It aint no use a talkin' to you chillun,
Youse de worstest ones in dis yar neighborhood,
Tomorrow morn I'se gwine to get de marshal,
To lock yuh in de booby hatch fo' good;
I know you's gwine to come to some bad endin',
You worthless, kinkey-headed little brats,
I know when you grows up you'll start a stealin',
Or votin' for dem nasty Democrats.

WHEN DE MOON COMES UP BEHIND DE HILL

By PAUL DRESSER.

Moderato.

mf

De

It

(*Repeat ad lib.*)

p

bum - ble bees am ti - red of dere buz - zin', De sing - in' birds hab all gone to dere nests,..... De

aint no use a talk - in' to you chil - lun, Youse de worst-est ones in dis yar neigh-bor - hood,..... To-

p

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chick-ens too am wea - ry of dere fus - sin', Dey am roost - in' high, but all am gone to rest;..... De
mor - row morn I'se gwine to get de mar - shal, To lock yuh in de boo - by hatch fo' good;..... I

tree-toad am a sing - in' in de tree - top, Jes' like a great big ghost dat's got a chill,..... And
know you's gwine to come to some bad end - in'. You worthless, kink-ey- head - ed lit - tle brats,..... I

'fore ye knows de moon will come a creep - in' Like a great big pumpkin up be - hind de hill.....
know when you grows up you'll start a steal - in', Or vot in' for dem nas - ty dem - c - crats.....

When De Moon Comes Up Behind De Hill. 3 pp—2d p.

CHORUS. (*Repeat for Dance ad lib.*)

All you wool - ey heads, run 'long to bed now,

Dar's a black man down be - hind de mill..... Who's gwine to wal - lop all de pick - a-

nin - nies, When de moon comes up be - hind de hill.....

When De Moon Comes Up Behind De Hill. 3 pp—3d p.

I'D STILL BELIEVE YOU TRUE

'Twas on a summer's evening, my sweetheart Kate and I
Were strolling down a shaded country lane,
In anger there I told her she was faithless and untrue;
We parted vowing ne'er to meet again.
In tears my sweetheart left me, I felt that I was wrong,
I knew that it meant misery apart,
I sought her out and begged her to forgive my cruel words,
And thus I spoke to her from out my heart:

Chorus

If the whole world came and said unkind things of you,
If they all deserted Kate and friends were mighty few,
If the very angels should turn away from you,
I'd take you in my arms and still believe you true.

The years are slowly drifting, my sweetheart Kate and I
Are strolling down the narrow lane of life,
To me she's been an angel, a sort of guiding star,
Ever since the day I made her wife.
But bless her heart I love her, when winter evenings come,
We sit down by the fire side by side,
I tell her of a quarrel that near made us strangers once,
And then these words I sing to her with pride:

I'D STILL BELIEVE YOU TRUE.

PAUL DRESSER.

Andante moderato (soulfully).

f

'Twas on a sum-mer's eve-ning, my sweetheart Kate and I Were stroll-ing down a shad-ed coun-try lane,..... In an-ger there I told her she was faith-less and un-true; We

The years are slow-ly drift-ing, my sweetheart Kate and I, Are stroll-ing down the nar-row lane of life,..... To me she's been an an-gel..... a sort of guid-ing star,

p

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part - ed vow - ing ne'er to meet a - gain..... In tears my sweetheart left me, I
Ev - er since the day I made her wife..... But bless her heart I love her, When

felt that I was wrong, I knew that it meant mis - er - y a - part,..... I
win - ter eve-nings come, We sit down by the fire side by side,..... I

sought her out and begged her to for - give my cru - el words, And thus I spoke to her from out my heart.....
tell her of the quar-rel that near made us strangers once, And then these words I sing to her with pride:.....

I'd Still Believe You True.

CHORUS.

If the whole world came and said un - kind things of you,

If they all de - sert - ed Kate and friends were mighty few, If the ver - y an - gels should

turn a - way from you, I'd take you in my arms and still be - lieve you true.

rall.

I'd Still Believe You True.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY
or
A MOTHER'S GIFT TO HER COUNTRY

A mother's gift to her Country's cause is a story yet untold,
She had three sons, three only ones, each worth his weight in gold,
She gave them up for the sake of war, while her heart was filled with pain,
As each went away, she was heard to say, he will never return again.

Chorus

One lies down near Appomattox,
Many miles away,
Another sleeps at Chickamauga,
And they both wore suits of gray,
'Mid the strains of "Down in Dixie",
The third was laid away,
In a trench at Santiago,
The Blue and the Gray.
One lies down near Appomattox,
Many miles away,
Another sleeps at Chickamauga,
And they both wore suits of gray,
'Mid the strains of "Down in Dixie",
The third was laid away,
In a trench at Santiago,
The Blue and the Gray.

She's alone tonight while the stars shine bright, with a heart full of despair.
On the last great day I can hear her say, my three boys will be there,
Perhaps they'll watch at the heav'nly gates on guard beside their guns,
Then the mother true, to the gray and the blue, may enter, with her sons.

The Blue and the Gray.

OR

(A MOTHER'S GIFT TO HER COUNTRY.)

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

Tempo di Marcia.

f *ff*

1. A moth-er's gift to her Country's cause is a sto - ry yet un - told, . . . She
2. She's a-lone to-night while the stars shine bright, with a heart full of des - pair, . . . On the

p

had three sons, three on - ly ones, each worth his weight in gold, . . . She
last great day I can hear her say, my three boys will be there, . . . Per -

ritard. *a tempo.*

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gave them up for the sake of war, while her heart was filled with pain, . As each
haps they'll watch at the heav - 'nly gates on guard be - side their guns, . . Then the

ritard.

went a - way, she was heard to say, he will nev-er re-turn a - gain, . .
moth - er true, to the gray and blue, may en-ter, with her sons. . .

ritard.

CHORUS.
Con spirito.

One lies down near Ap - po - mattox, ... Ma - ny miles a -

way, ... An - oth - er sleeps at Chick - a - mauga, ... And they

both wore suits of gray, ... 'Mid the strains of "Down in Dixie," . . .

The third was laid a - way, ... In a

trench at San - ti - a - go, . . . The Blue and the Gray . . . .

One lies down near Ap - po - mat-tox, ... Ma - ny miles a -

The blue and the gray.

way, ... An - oth . er sleeps at Chick - a - mau-ga, ... And they

ff

both wore suits of gray, ... 'Mid the strains of "Down in Dix-ie," . . .

ff

The third was laid a - way, ... In a

p

trench at San - ti - a - go, ... The Blue and the Gray. . . . .

f

4—5.

CALLING TO HER BOY JUST ONCE AGAIN

My thoughts turn back to days when I was but a little child,
'Twas when I prattled round my mother's knee,
In fancy I can see myself there at the kitchen stove,
A dirty boy, but happy as could be.
I see the face of mother, like some far off mystic star,
I see her sad yet sweet, forgiving smile,
I'd give no thought to what the future years might bring
If I could go back to her arms a little while.

Refrain

I'd go back to the days of want and sorrow,
Contented now and then with just a smile,
I'd give up all that I could steal or borrow,
To nestle at her knee a little while,
I'd give up all the future hope of Heaven,
Eternally to live in endless pain,
To see my mother at the east end window
Calling to her boy just once again.

Again I see the cradle that I never cared to rock,
Like all boys, time hung heavy and somehow,
When poverty hung o'er us like a cloud from day to day,
It seemed that I was happier than now.
The fleeting wings of time brought many changes now
That I could make her happy as she longed to be.
She's gone beyond the reach of all her sorrow and her cares,
And I'm alone here in my misery.

CALLING TO HER BOY JUST ONCE AGAIN.

PAUL DRESSER.

Andante moderato..

f *p rall - en - tan - do. -*

My thoughts turn back to days when I was but a lit - tle child, 'Twas when I prat - tled round my moth-er's
A - gain I see the cra - dle that I nev - er cared to rock, Like all boys, time hung heav - y and some-

p

knee,..... In fan - cy I can see my - self there at the kitch- en stove, A
how,..... When pov - er - ty hung o'er us like a cloud from day to day, It

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dir - ty boy, but hap - py as could be..... I see the face of moth - er, like some
seemed that I was hap - pi - er than now..... The fleet - ing wings of time brought ma - ny

f

far off mys - tic star, I see her sad yet sweet, for - giv - ing smile,..... I'd
chang - es now that I could make her hap - py as she longed to be..... She's

give no thought to what the fu - ture years might bring if I Could go back to her arms a lit - tle while.....
gone be-yond the reach of all her sor - row and her cares, And I'm a-lone here in my mis-er - y.....

rall.

Calling To Her Boy Just Once Again 3 pp—2d p.

REFRAIN.

I'd go back to the days of want and sor - row,.... Con- tent - ed now and then with just a smile,.... I'd

p

give up all that I could steal or bor - row,... To nes - tle at her knee a lit - tle while,..... I'd

give up all the fu - ture hope of Heav - en,.... E - ter - nal - ly to live in end- less pain,..... To

see my moth - er at the east end win - dow Call - ing to her boy just once a - gain.....

rall - - - en - - - tan - - - do.

WHEN THE BIRDS HAVE SUNG THEMSELVES TO SLEEP

Come, my love,
Come, my little baby mine,
Soon the stars in the skies above will shine;
Without those eyes
What would Mama do?
Why those tears, no harm can come, my love, to you.

Refrain

When the birds have sung themselves to sleep,
When the night winds vigil seem to keep,
We will wander, dearie,
To some peaceful Eerie,
There, my love, shall you no longer weep;
And if you should begin to cry,
The nightingale may sing a lullabye,
Just by way of condescension,
And the very best intention,
When the other birds have sung themselves to sleep.

See the moon
Creeping from its nest of fire,
And all around are little stars that never tire;
Angel eyes,
Every night they come to peep
At baby mine to see if you have gone to sleep.

Dedicated to little Isabelle O'Keefe.

WHEN THE BIRDS HAVE SUNG THEMSELVES TO SLEEP.

By PAUL DRESSER.

Andante moderato.

f *poco ritard.* *tranquillo.* *p*

1. Come, my love,..... Come, my lit - tle ba - by
2. See the moon..... Creep - ing from its nest of

p

mine,..... Soon the stars..... in the skies..... a - bove will
fire,..... And all a - - round..... are lit - tle stars..... that nev - er

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shine,..... With - out those eyes,..... What..... would Ma - ma
tire;..... An - gel eyes,..... Ev - 'ry night they come to

do?..... Why those tears,..... no harm can come,..... my love, to you.....
peep..... At ba - by mine..... to see if you..... have gone to sleep.....

ritard.

REFRAIN. *Tenderly.*

When the birds have sung themselves to sleep..... When the night winds vig - il seem to keep.....

p

When the Birds Have Sung Themselves to Sleep. 3 pp—2d p.

We will wan-der, dearie, To some peaceful Ee-rie, There, my love, shall you no lon-ger weep;..... And

if you should be - gin to cry,..... The night-in-gale may sing a lul - la - bye,..... Just by

way of con- de-scension, And the ver - y best in-ten-tion, When the oth-er birds have sung themselves to sleep,....

poco - - rall - - - entando.

When the Birds Have Sung Themselves to Sleep. 3 pp — 3d p.

I JUST WANT TO GO BACK AND START THE WHOLE THING OVER

I wander'd back in a dreamy way, to scenes of childish joy,
And the strangest feeling o'er me came, as I thought myself a boy.
I stood beside the old rail fence, at the closing of the day,
The sun was sinking in the west, then came the twilight gray,
And my poor heart seem'd to say:

Refrain

I just want to go back and start the whole thing over,
Back among the nodding fields of timothy and clover,
To the golden days of June,
Where the birds are never out of tune,
Back to the fields and start all over.

I stroll'd around the old red barn, I stood beside the well,
All covered o'er with clingin' vine that held me in a spell.
I wander'd to the resting place of mother on the hill,
The same sweet words it seems I heard, way up behind the hill,
Sung by the whippoorwill.

I JUST WANT TO GO BACK AND START THE WHOLE THING OVER.

By PAUL DRESSER.

Andante Moderato.

mf

1. I wan - der'd back in a dream - y way, to scenes of child - ish joy,..... And the strang - est feel - ing o'er me came, as I
2. I stroll'd a - round the old red barn, I stood be - side the well.... ..... All cov - ered o'er with cling - ing vine that

p

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thought my - self a boy. I stood be - side the old rail fence, at the
held me in a spell. I wan - der'd to the rest - ing place of

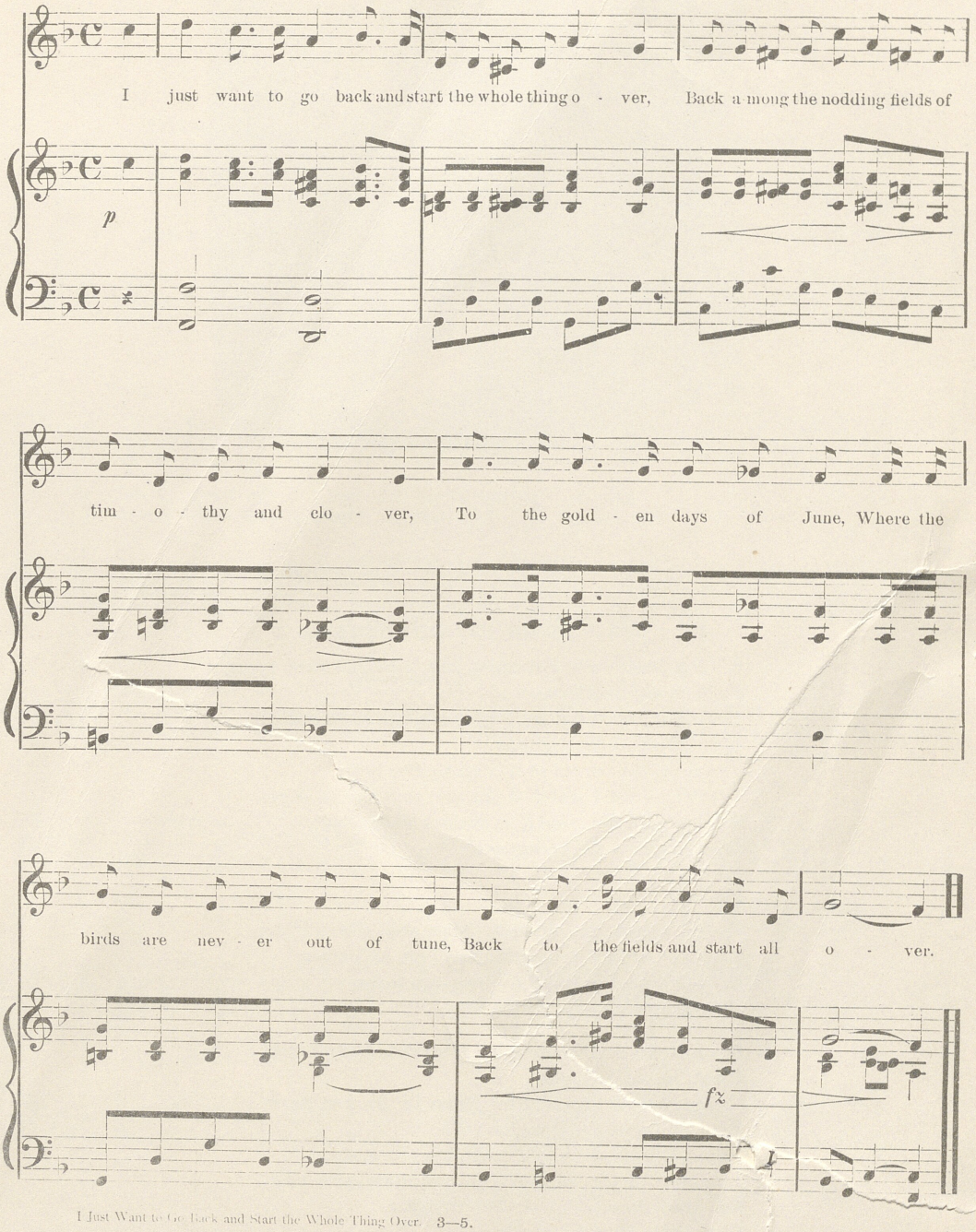
clos - ing of the day,..... The sun was sink - ing in the west, then
moth - er on the hill,..... The same sweet words it seems I heard, way

came the twi - light gray,..... ... And my poor heart seem'd to say:.....
up be - hind the hill,..... Sung by the whip - poor - will.....

rall - - en - - tan - - do.

I Just Want to Go Back and Start the Whole Thing Over. 3—4.

Refrain.


I just want to go back and start the whole thing o - ver, Back a-mong the nodding fields of
p
tim - o - thy and clo - ver, To the gold - en days of June, Where the
birds are nev - er out of tune, Back to the fields and start all o - ver.
fz

WAY DOWN IN OLD INDIANA

With a heart full of longing, my thoughts turn tonight
Back to old Indiana,
The same wayward lad in the mellow moonlight,
Way down in old Indiana.
There lie the scenes of a lifetime the best,
There's where I watch'd the sun sink in the West,
And when I am gone it is there I would rest,
Way down in old Indiana.

Refrain

There's where the old folks have slept many years,
There as a child I learn'd life's joys and tears,
In fancy I see mother calming my fears,
Way down in old Indiana.

It was there that in pray'r I first folded my hands—
Down in old Indiana,
'Twas there in my dreams I saw far distant lands,
Way down in old Indiana.
I see the harvest hands gath'ring the grain,
Thoughts of the old home fill my heart with pain,
But gladly would I live it over again,
Way down in old Indiana.

Way Down in Old Indiana.

By PAUL DRESSER.

INTRODUCTION.

Moderato con expressione.

VOICE.

1. With a heart full of long - ing, my thoughts turn to - night Back to old In - di -
2. It was there that in pray'r I first fold - ed my hands— Down in old In - di -

p

an - a, The same way - ward lad in the mel - low moon - light,
an - a, 'Twas there in my dreams I saw far dis - tant lands,

p

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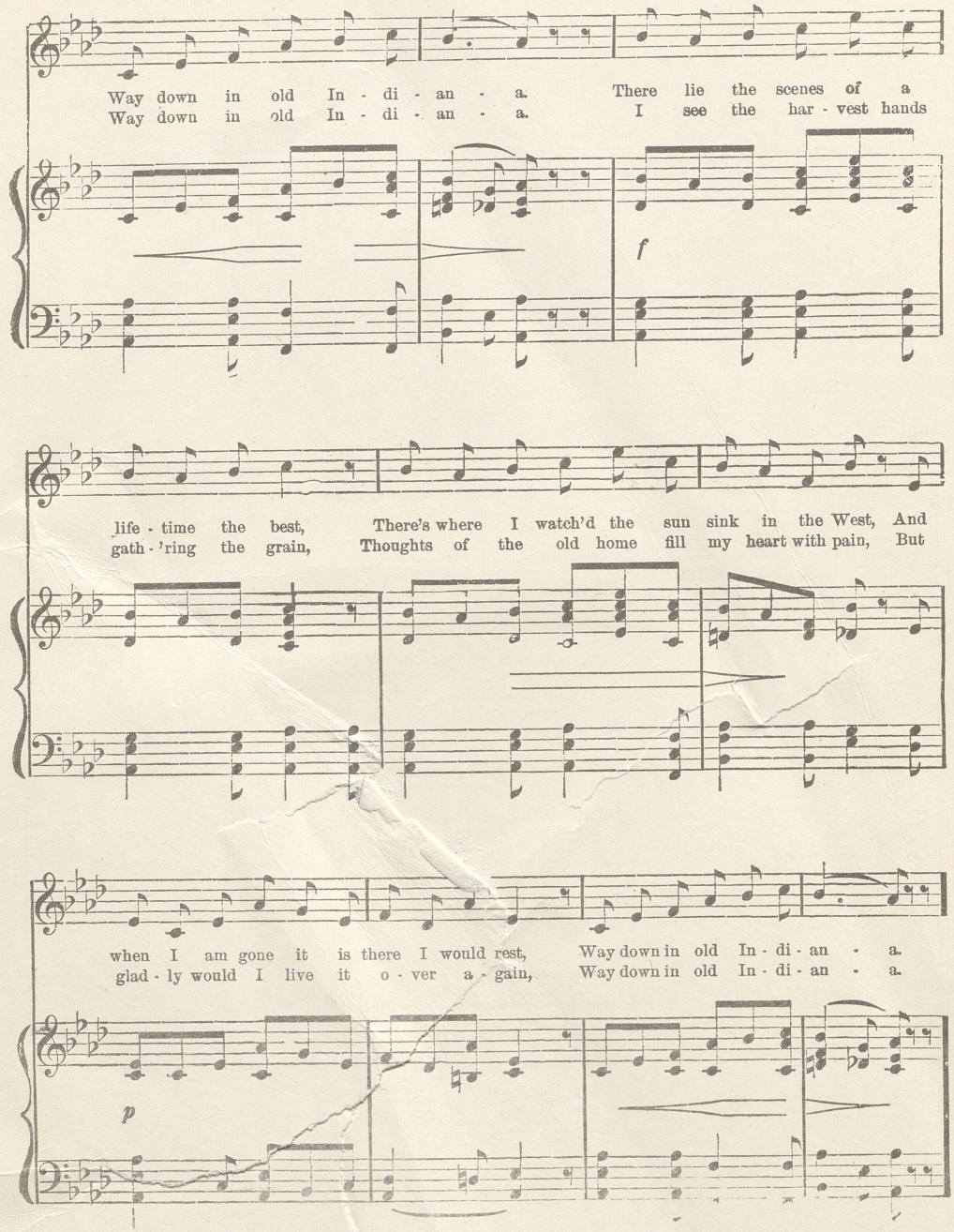

Way Down in Old Indiana. 3—4.

Refrain.

There's where the old folks have slept ma - ny years, There as a child I learn'd

f

life's joys and tears, In fan - cy I see moth - er

p

calm - ing my fears, Way down in old In - di - an - a.

Way Down in Old Indiana. 3—5.

THERE'S NO NORTH OR SOUTH TO-DAY

"Father, come tell me who are those men,"
I heard a youngster say,
"Although they are old, with a step firm and bold
They march some in blue, some in gray?
Why are they marching along side by side,
Tears in ev'ry eye?"
The old man just choked back a sob as he turned
To the youngster and made this reply:

Chorus

"There is always a West,
There is always an East,
Where the sun shall rise, they say;
But we're marching abreast,
From the East to the West,
For there's no North or South today."

"Father, why is it, when those soldiers march
The people loudly cheer,
And though I have oft seen them marching before,
Their numbers grow less ev'ry year."
"Long years ago," said the father, "those men
Were foes, 'mid battle's din,
But all is forgot, they now march 'neath the flag,
The banner that makes us akin."

There's No North Or South To-day.

By PAUL DRESSER.

Tempo di Marcia

f

"Fa - ther, come tell me who are those men," I heard a young - ster

"Fa - ther, why is it, when those sol - diers march The peo - ple loud - - ly

p

say,..... "Al - though they are old, with a step firm and bold They

cheer,..... And though I have oft seen them march - ing be - fore, Their

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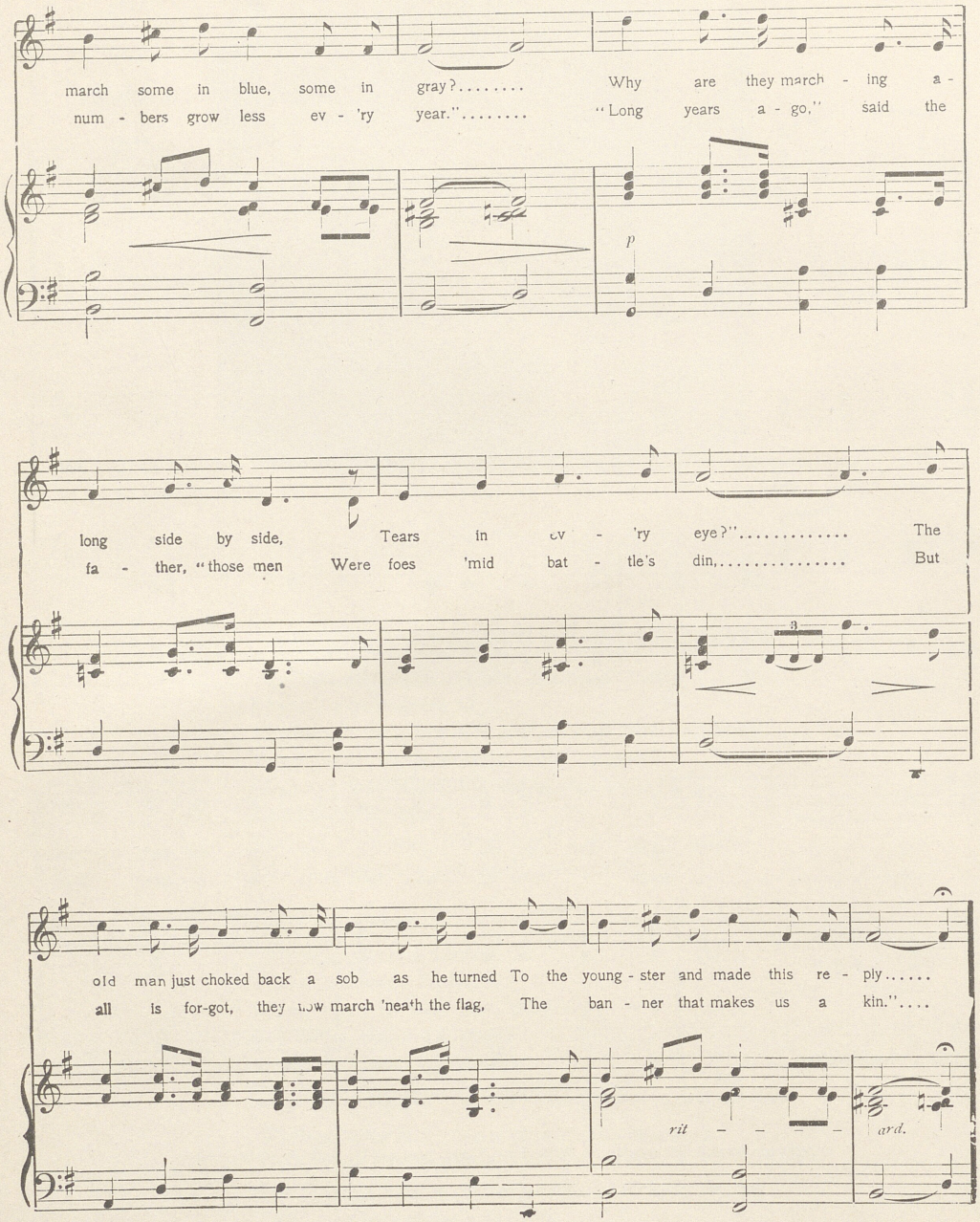

There's No North Or South To-day. pp—2d ⅱ

CHORUS. *Con spirito.*

"There is al - ways a West, There is al - ways an East, Where the sun shall rise, they say;..... But we're marching a - breast, From the East to the West, For there's no North or Sou h to - day."..... There is Hur - rah! hur - rah! I wish I was in Dix - ie!

1.

2. (First verse.) *Da Capo.*

South to - day."

2. (Second verse.)

South to - day."..... *Da Capo.*

There's No North Or South To-Day. 3 pp--3d p.

IN THE GREAT SOMEWHERE

There is a place where my soul shall find rest,
In the great somewhere,
Though far, far away from the chosen and blest,
In the great somewhere,
Father, my heart shall cry out unto Thee,
Just at the threshold of Eternity.
My soul shall cling to the gates until free,
In the great somewhere.

Long have I wandered away from the flock,
Of the great somewhere,
Turn back the hands of eternity's clock,
In the great somewhere,
Out in the wilderness, too late to turn,
In the distance the light everlasting doth burn,
Beyond stands the Saviour who bids me return,
In the great somewhere.

E'en though my sins be as black as the night,
In the great somewhere,
One look from Thee, and my soul shall be white,
In the great somewhere.
There is a mother who pleads for me now,
Pledging eternal her soul with a vow.
Thy hand forgiving I see on her brow,
In the great somewhere.

I am not worthy to enter the gate
Of the great somewhere,
Thy will be done, Father, whate'er my fate
In the great somewhere.
Again up the mountain my struggles begin,
With faith in Thy mercy, Thou wilt let me in,
The latchstring hangs out for the soul steeped in sin
In the great somewhere.

In The Great Somewhere.

By PAUL DRESSER.

Andante Religioso.

f *rall.*

1. There is a place where my soul shall find rest, In the great some - where,..... Though
3. E'en though my sins be as black as the night, In the great some - where,.....

f *p*

far, far a - way from the chos - en and blest, In the great some - where,.....
One look from Thee, and my soul shall be white, In the great some - where.....

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Fa - ther, my heart shall cry out un - to Thee, Just at the threshold of E - ter - ni - ty.
There is a moth - er who pleads for me now, Pledg - ing e - ter - nal her soul with a vow.

f

My soul shall cling to the gates un - til free, In the great some - where.....
Thy hand for - giv - ing I see on her brow, In the great some - where.....

p dolce.

In The Great Somewhere. 4—2.

2. Long have I wan - dered a
4. I am not wor - thy to

rall. *dim.* *p* *p*

- way from the flock, Of the great some - where,.....
en - ter the gate, Of the great some - where,.....

Turn back the hands of e - ter - ni - ty's clock, In the great some -
Thy will be done, Fa - ther, what - e'er my fate, In the great some -

In The Great Somewhere. 4—3.

- where,..... Out in the wil - der - ness, too late to turn, In the
- where,..... A - gain up the moun - tain my strug - gles be - gin, With

ff

dis - tance the light ev - er - last - ing doth burn. Be - yond stands the Sav - iour who
faith in Thy mer - cy, Thou wilt let me in, The latch - string hangs out for the

bids me re - turn, In the great some - where.....
soul steeped in sin, In the great some - where.....

rall.

pp

In The Great Somewhere.

MY HEART STILL CLINGS TO THE OLD FIRST LOVE

Sometime in the future I can hear a maiden say:
Once I had a sweetheart in a bygone, distant day.
And when his name is spoken by some passer in the throng,
It may bring back to memory the strains of some sweet song,
The writer sang to her while paying tribute at her shrine,
The phrasing told he lov'd could she but read between the lines,
And then her face may light up from a manner grave to gay,
And I seem to hear her singing of a river far away.

Chorus

Oh, the moonlight's fair tonight along the Wabash,
From the fields there comes the breath of new mown hay,
But my heart still clings to the old first love
On the banks of the Wabash, far away.

Perhaps when she is musing o'er the time her heart was free,
Her thoughts may turn back to a dear old weeping willow tree,
Where she and I sat on a log and watch'd the sunset's glow,
Chase up and down the hillside, but that was long ago.
I know she's not contented now, no matter where she be,
Her love was one that comes but once, and lives eternally.
Last night I saw her sweet face, it was in a troubled dream,
And I'm sure I heard her singing of an old familiar stream.

MY HEART STILL CLINGS TO THE OLD FIRST LOVE.

By PAUL DRESSER.

Moderato.

f

1. Some - time in the fu - ture I can hear a maid - en say:
2. Per - haps when she is mu - sing o'er the time her heart was free, Her

p

Once I had a sweet - heart in a by - gone dis - tant day. And
thoughts may turn back to a dear old weep - ing wil - low tree, Where

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when his name is spo-ken by some pas - ser in the throng, It may bring back to mem- o - ry the
she and I sat on a log and watch'd the sun- set's glow, Chase up and down the hill-side, but

strains of some sweet song, The writ - er sang to her while pay - ing trib - ute at her shrine, The
that was long a - go. I know she's not con- tent - ed now, no mat - ter where she be, Her

phras-ing told he lov'd could she but read between the lines, And then her face may light up from a
love was one that comes but once, and lives e-ter - nal - ly. Last night I saw her sweet face it was

My Heart Still Clings to the Old First Love.

man - ner grave to gay, And I seem to hear her sing - ing of a riv - er far a - way.
in a troubled dream, And I'm sure I heard her sing - ing of an old fa - mil - iar stream.

rall - - en - - - tan - - - do.

Chorus.
Espressivo.

Oh, the moonlight's fair to-night a- long the Wa - bash, From the fields there comes the breath of new mown

mf

pp *D.C.*

hay,..... But my heart still clings to the old first love, On the banks of the Wabash, far a - way.....

pp *D.C.*

MR. VOLUNTEER
or
YOU DON'T BELONG TO THE REGULARS,
YOU'RE JUST A VOLUNTEER

March on, soldier boy in blue,
Flag in trouble calls for you;
Bayonet glist'ning, clothes all new,
Grand, inspiring sight to view,
So when you march along the street,
Listen to the cheers,
But when you come back sick or dead
There are no cheers or tears.
Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching,
Marching on in line.

Chorus

You don't belong to the regulars, you're just a volunteer,
You're only one of the rank and file,
But some one holds you dear!
Many a mother's heart will ache, and in the coming year
Uncle Sam will take off his hat to you, Mister Volunteer.

Come home, soldier boy in blue,
War is over, you are through,
There is nothing left to do;
They have no more use for you;
A mother awaits your coming home
With open arms of joy;
She cares not how you look in rags,
She only sees her boy.
Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching,
Marching on in line.

MR. VOLUNTEER;

OR,

YOU DON'T BELONG TO THE REGULARS, YOU'RE JUST A VOLUNTEER.

By PAUL DRESSER.

Tempo di Marcia.

f

Martial.

March on, sol - dier boy in blue, Flag in trou - ble
Come home, sol - dier boy in blue, War is o - ver,

fz *ff* *p*

calls for you; Bay - onet glist'ning, clothes all new, Grand, in - spir - ing sight to view, So
you are through, There is noth - ing left to do; They have no more use for you; A

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when you march a - long the street, List - en to the cheers,..... But
moth - er waits your com - ing home With o - pen arms of joy:..... She

when you come back sick or dead There are no cheers or tears.....
cares not how you look in rags, She on - ly sees her boy.....

Marziale.

Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are march - - ing, March - ing on in line.

mf *fz* *ff*

You Don't Belong To The Regulars.

CHORUS. *Con spirito.*

You don't be - long to the reg - u - lars, you're just a vol - un - teer,..... You're

p – f

on - ly one of the rank and file, But some one holds you dear!.....

Ma - ny a moth - er's heart will ache, and in the com - ing year.....

Un - cle Sam will take off his hat to you, Mister Vol - un - teer..... You teer.....

1. 2.

ff *fz*

You Don't Belong To The Regulars.

WHEN YOU COME BACK THEY'LL WONDER WHO THE . . . YOU ARE

My father often told me, when but a little boy,
Tho' I was born upon old Freedom's soil;
To be a peaceful hero at home, also abroad,
And make my way in life thro' honest toil.
"But should the old flag call you," he said,
"Don't hesitate. Go forth, because the flag is not to blame;
You may not be rewarded
When you come marching home,
Ingratitude is ev'ry nation's shame."

Chorus

You may fight for the flag, fight for its stars,
Fight for its colors, you may fight for its bars!
Tho' crown'd with your vict'ries, and covered with scars,
When you come back they'll wonder who the . . . you are.

Perhaps some day our heroes, when they come marching home,
May get the credit which belongs to them;
To us it seems they're useless, until we're in a hole,
And when we're out how quickly we condemn.
Now this may seem like bluster, but let's get down to facts,
While fighting, why, we call them staunch and true,
But after all is over,
And the battle has been won,
The friends that they have left are mighty few.

WHEN YOU COME BACK THEY'LL WONDER WHO THE — YOU ARE.

By PAUL DRESSER.

Tempo di Marcia.

f

fz

My fa - ther oft - en told me, when but a lit - tle boy, Tho' I was born up - on old Freedom's soil;..... To be a peace - ful he - ro at home, al - so a-broad, And make my way in

Per - haps some day our he - roes, when they come marching home, May get the cred - it which be - longs to them;..... To us it seems they're useless, un - til we're in a hole, And when we're out how

mp

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life thro' hon - est toil..... "But should the old flag call you," he said, "Don't hes - i -
quick - ly we con - demn..... Now this may seem like blus - ter, but let's get down to

tate, Go forth, be - cause the flag is not to blame;..... You may not be re -
facts, While fight - ing, why, we call them staunch and true,..... But af - ter all is

ward - ed When you come marching home, In - grat - i - tude is ev - 'ry na - tion's shame."..... .....
o - ver, And the bat - tle has been won, The friends that they have left are might - y few.....

When You Come Back They'll Wonder Who The — You Are. 3 pp—2d p.

CHORUS.

You may fight for the flag,.... fight for its stars,.... Fight for its

p — *f*

col - ors, you may fight for its bars! Tho' crown'd with your vic - t'ries, and cov - ered with

scars, When you come back they'll won - der who the —— you are. You may are.....

1. 2.

fz

When You Come Back They'll Wonder Who The —— You Are.

Geo. Beaverson, 35 Frankfort St., N. Y.

IN DEAR OLD ILLINOIS

Tonight my thoughts are turning homeward,
The place where I was born.
Amid the perfumed clover blossoms, and waving fields of corn,
The rolling prairies, the old log cabin;
I see mother standing there,
The same sweet smile that she then gave me, is with me ev'rywhere.

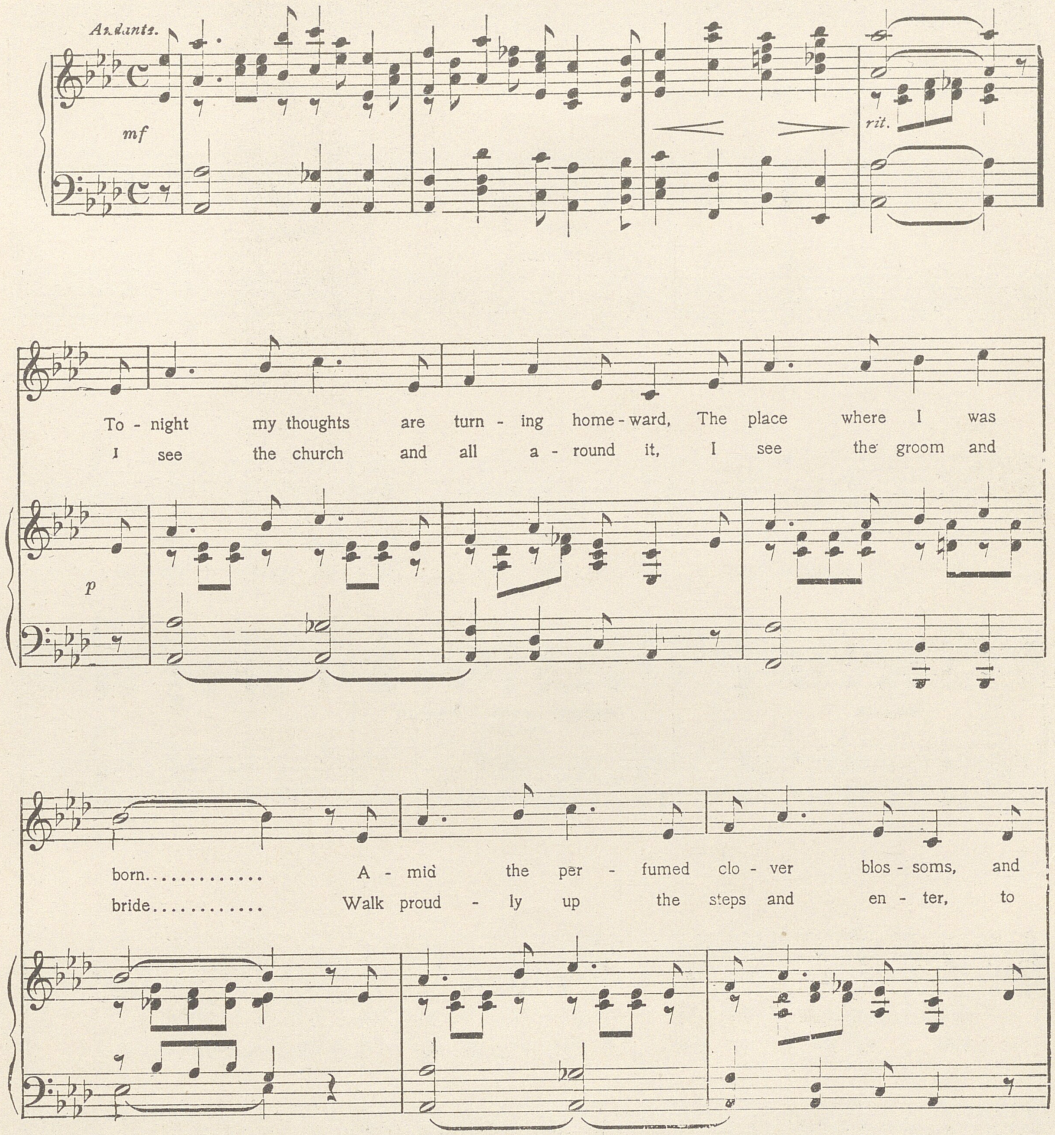
Chorus

My heart is yearning, my thoughts are turning, again I am a boy;
The sun shone brighter, my heart seemed lighter, in dear old Illinois.

I see the church and all around it,
I see the groom and bride
Walk proudly up the steps and enter, to hear the "word" inside,
But mem'ry brings me back a sweetheart, with the tenderest blue eye;
Perhaps 'tis not too late to find her, at least I'm going to try.

IN DEAR OLD ILLINOIS.

By PAUL DRESSER.



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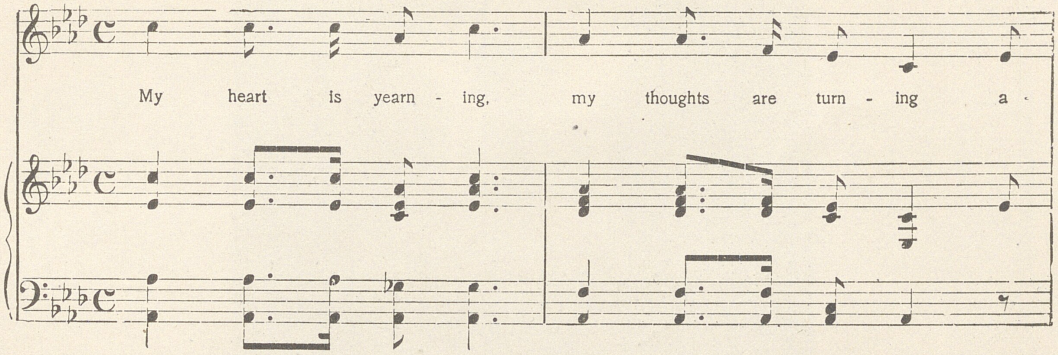
wav - ing fields of corn..... The roll - ing prai - ries, the
hear the "word" in - side,..... But mem - 'ry brings me

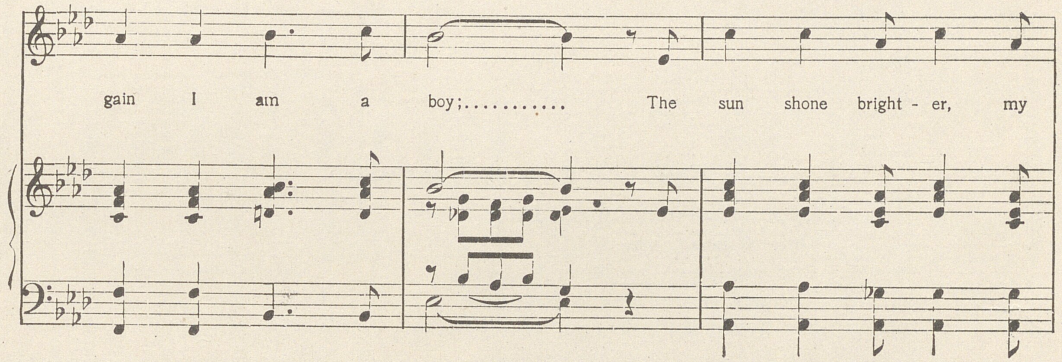
old log cab - in; I see moth - er stand - ing there,.... The
back a sweet - heart, with the ten - der - est blue eye;..... Per -

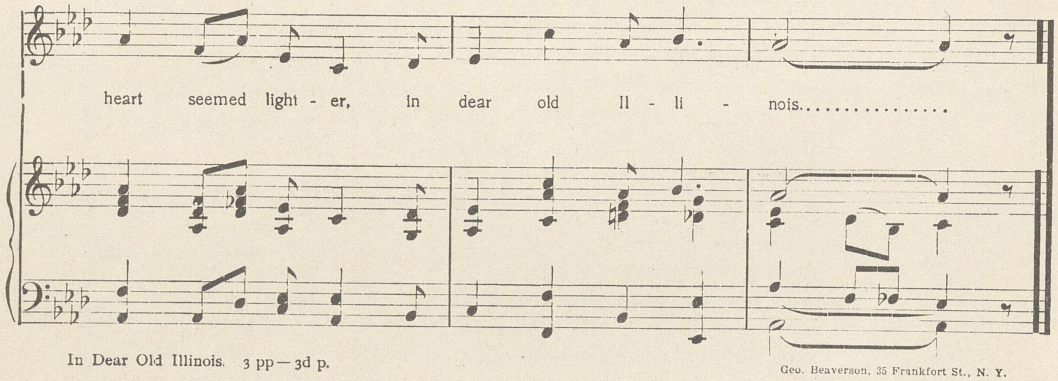
same sweet smile that she then gave me, is with me ev - 'ry - where.....
haps 'tis not too late to find her, at least I'm going to try.....

In Dear Old Illinois. 3 pp — 2d p.

CHORUS.







Geo. Beaverson, 35 Frankfort St., N. Y.

THE VOICE OF THE HUDSON

Once we were strolling together,
Dearest heart, you and I,
And somehow I've never forgotten
The sad, tender look in your eye;
For it told me how much you loved me,
But the mem'ry brings me pain,
For I stand by the same mighty river,
And I wonder if ever again,

Chorus

We shall stroll by the Hudson, the great mighty riv
The Hudson, majestic and grand;
With its crooks and its bends, as it silently wends
Its way 'mid the scenes of the Master's hand,
But a voice cried aloud, "The Hudson am I!
Why come you alone, where is she?
Go bring her, you loved her, and she loved you too,
And I know that you both love me!"

Soon I am coming to take you,
Back to the river side,
And there you will find such a welcome
Awaiting you my blushing bride;
All nature I know will adore you,
For the mountains and hills sublime,
Shall watch for the sight of your coming,
And I'm sure in the dear evening time,

The Voice of the Hudson.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

Andante moderato.

f *poco rall.* *dim.*

1. Once we were strolling to - geth - er,..... Dear - est heart, you and I,..... And
2. Soon I am com- ing to take you,..... Back to the riv - er side,..... And

mf

some - how I've nev - er for - got - ten..... The sad, ten - der look in your eye;..... For it
there you will find such a wel - come..... A - wait - ing you my blush-ing bride;.... All

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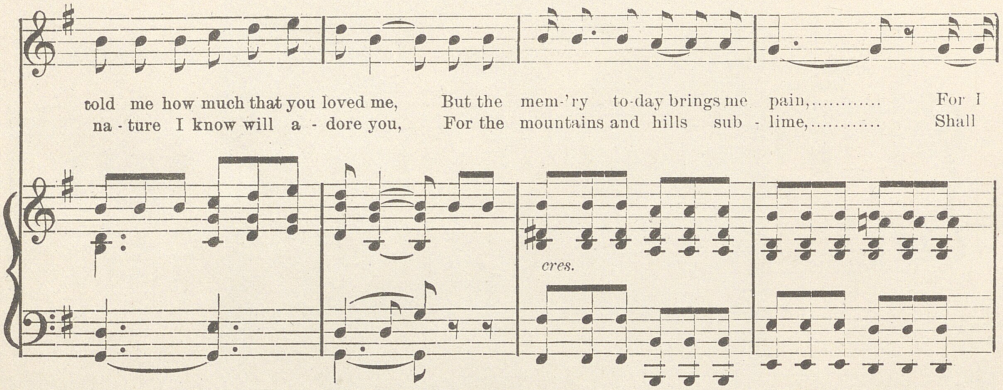
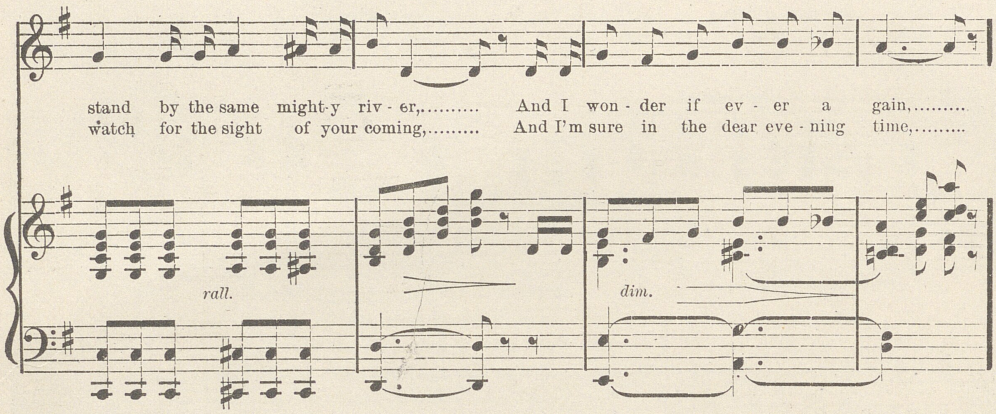
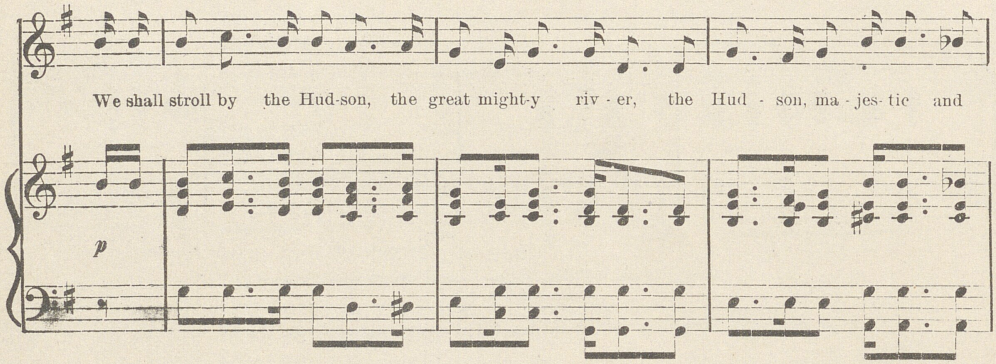

told me how much that you loved me, But the mem-'ry to-day brings me pain,..... For I
na - ture I know will a - dore you, For the mountains and hills sub - lime,..... Shall
cres.


stand by the same might-y riv - er,..... And I won - der if ev - er a gain,.....
watch for the sight of your coming,..... And I'm sure in the dear eve - ning time,.....
rall.
dim.

Chorus.


We shall stroll by the Hud-son, the great might-y riv - er, the Hud - son, ma - jes- tic and
p

grand;..... With its crooks and its bends, as it si - lent - ly wends Its

f marcato. a poco. cres.

way 'mid the scenes of the Mas - ter's hand, But a voice cries a - loud, "The

rit.

Hud - son am I! why come you a - lone, where is she?..... Go

rall.

bring her, you loved her, and she loved you too, And I know that you both love me!".....

appassionate. *f* *poco rit.* *p* *dim.* *p p*

The Voice of the Hudson. 3—5.

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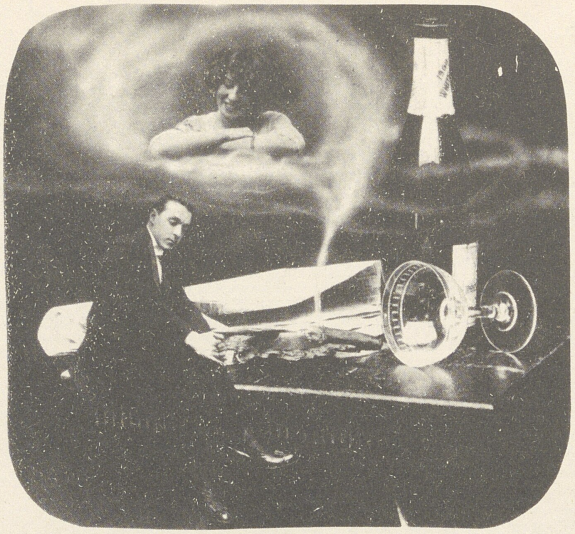

WHERE ARE THE FRIENDS OF OTHER DAYS?

Where are the friends of other days,
Friends that I used to know;
Friends that were ever by my side,
Friends of the long ago?
Vainly I turn, but find them not
Somehow it seems to me,
They do not seek me as once they did,
What can the matter be?

Chorus

Where are the friends of other days,
Can you not tell me where?
Boatman upon the other shore,
Answer me, are they there?
Vainly my heart cries out to them,
Here in the shadows gray;
Answer me, boatman, I am alone!
Answer me, where are they?

Where are the friends of other days,
Friends that I loved so well;
Friends that I never turned away,
Is there no one to tell?
Was I not always kind to them?
Tell me, thou ev'ning star;
Why is it I am deserted now,
Know you not where they are?

Where Are The Friends Of Other Days?

Andante moderato.

f

Where are the friends of oth - er days, Friends that I used to know;.....
Where are the friends of oth - er days, Friends that I loved so well;.....

mf

Friends that were ev - er by my side, Friends of the long a - go?.....
Friends that I nev - er turned a - way, Is there no one to tell?.....

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Vain - ly I turn, but find them not Some how it seems to me,.....
Was I not al - ways kind to them? Tell me, thou ev - 'ning star;.....

They do not seek me as once they did, What can the mat - ter be?.....
Why is it I am de - sert - ed now, Know you not where they are?.....

CHORUS.

Where are the friends of oth - er days, Can you not tell me where?.....

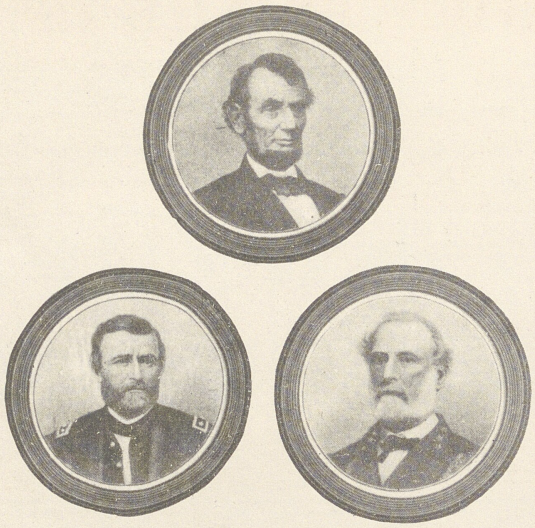
Where Are The Friends Of Other Days.

Boat - man up - on the oth - er shore, An - swer me, are they there?.....

Vain - ly my heart cries out to them, Here in the shad - ows grey;.....

An - swer me, boat - man, I am a - lone! An - swer me, where are they?.....

Where Are The Friends Of Other Days. 3 pp—3d p.



LINCOLN, GRANT AND LEE
or
THE WAR IS OVER MANY YEARS

At Gettysburg and Chickamauga, where grim war once
held full sway,
Wave the fields of corn and cotton, showing we are one
today;
Bitterness of North and Southland shall not, can not,
will not, last;
Desolation, want and mis'ry, all are buried in the past.

Chorus

The war is over many years, a reunited nation we,
Future history will mention three names—Lincoln,
Grant and Lee.
The war is over many years, a reunited nation we,
Future history will mention three names—Lincoln,
Grant and Lee.

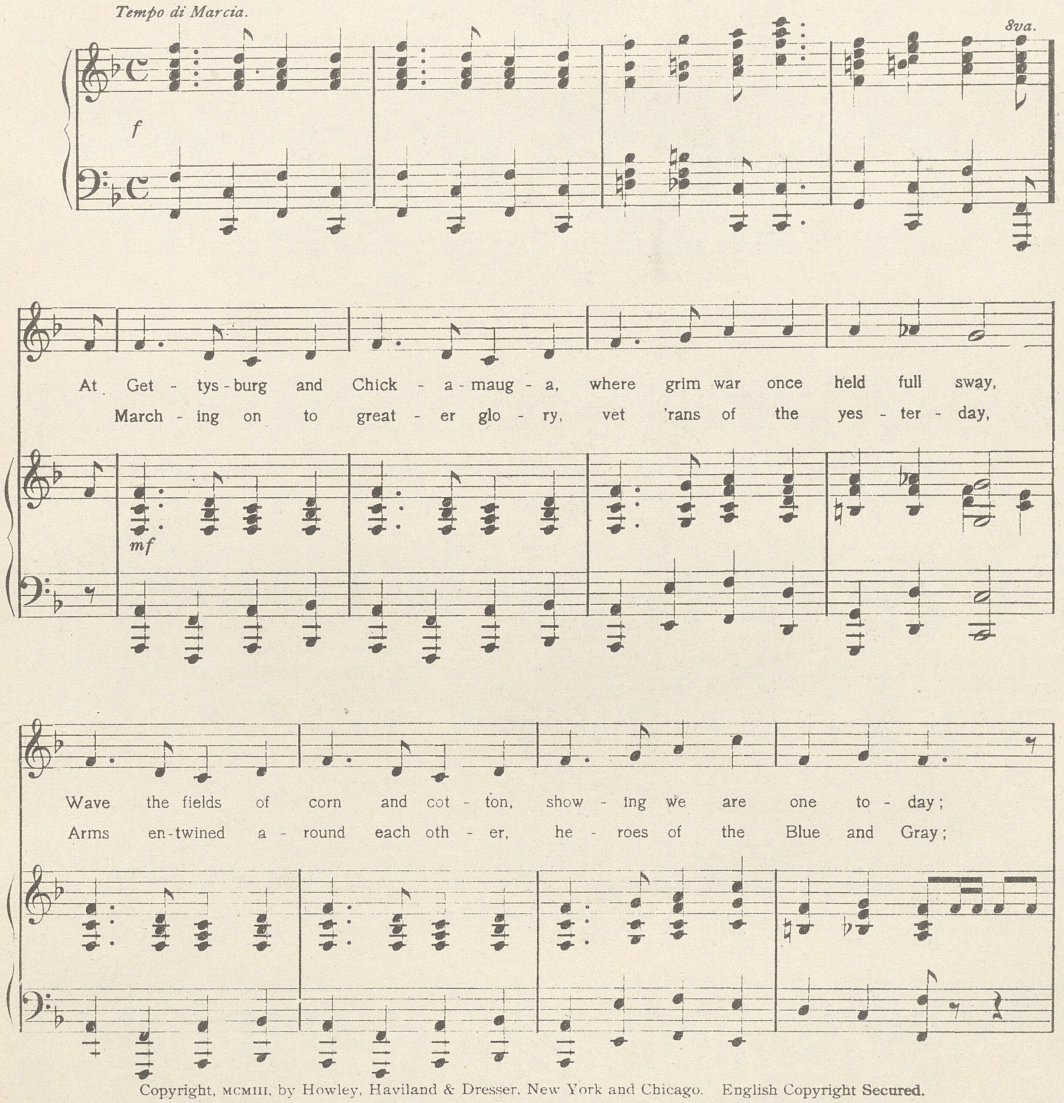
Marching on to greater glory, vet'rans of the yesterday,
Arms entwined around each other, heroes of the Blue
and Gray;
Guns are silent, plough and shovel till the stalks of
ripening grain,
Differences all forgotten, reunited once again.

PAUL DRESSER'S

LINCOLN, GRANT AND LEE;

or,

THE WAR IS OVER MANY YEARS.



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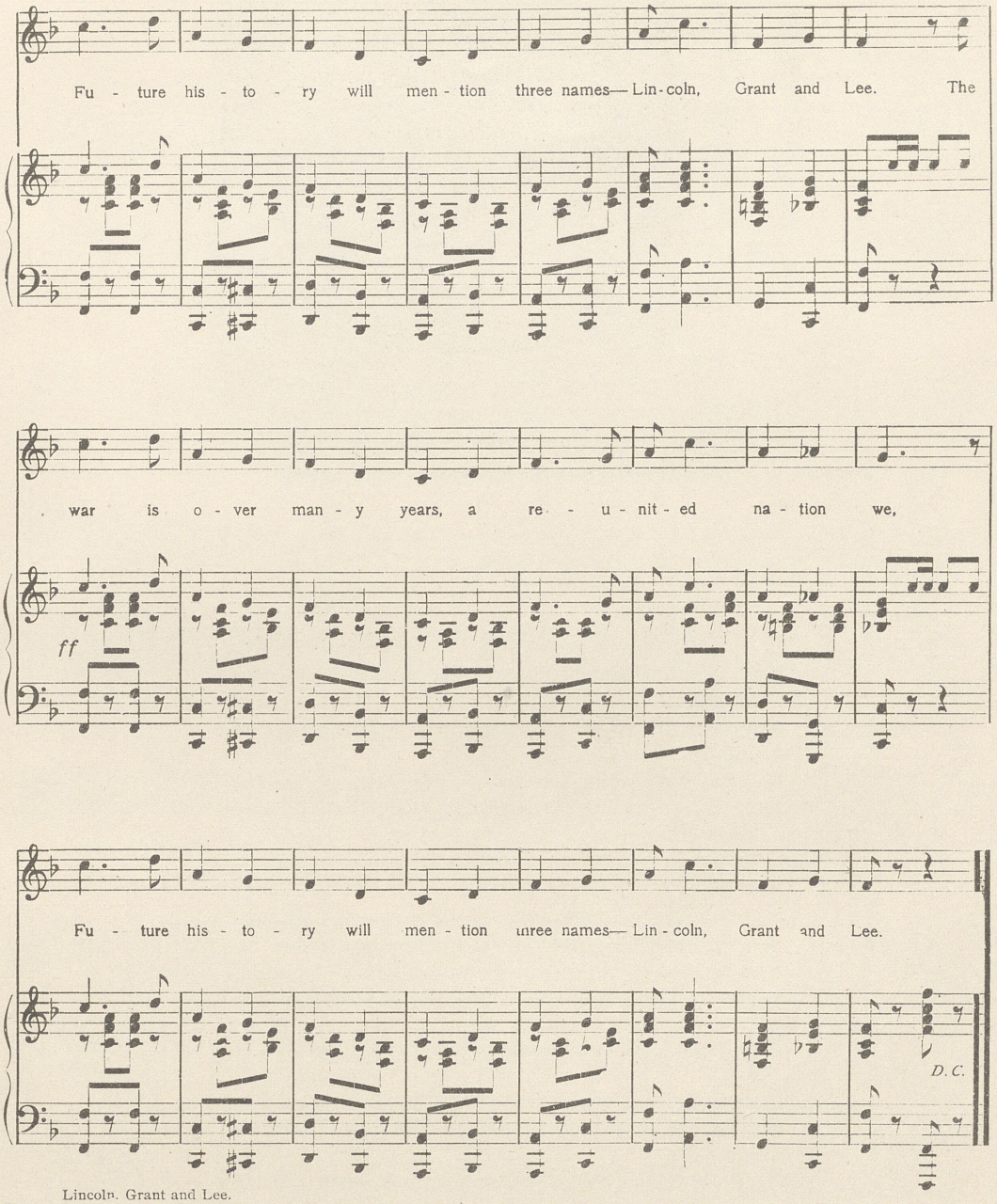
Bit - - ter-ness of North and South-land shall not, can not, will not, last:
Guns are si - lent, plough and shov - el till the stalks of ripe - ning grain,

Des - o - la - tion, want and mis - 'ry, all are bur - ied in the past.
Dif - fer - en - ces all for - got - ten, re - u - nit - ed once a - gain.

CHORUS.

The war is o - ver man - y years, a re - u - nit - ed na - tion we,

Lincoln, Grant and Lee. 3 pp—2d p.



Lincoln, Grant and Lee.

THE BOYS ARE COMING HOME TODAY

The boys are coming home today, and welcome they shall be,
The boys that mothers talk about and loved by you and me;
So let us hurry down the road to cheer them on the way,
Let's hope that none are missing when the boys come home today.

Chorus

The boys are coming home today so let the cannons roar;
We'll sing the songs we used to sing in days of yore,
Fire the rockets till they reach up to the heav'nly dome,
Wave the flags, three cheers! the boys are coming home.

Let's hope that ev'ry vacant chair contains a mother's son,
Tonight around the fireside who tells of laurels won;
And let the sweethearts all be there in colors bright and gay
To show them what a welcome means when the boys come home today.

The Boys Are Coming Home To-Day.

By PAUL DRESSER.

Tempo di Marcia.

f

1. The boys are com - ing home to - day, and
2. Let's hope that ev - 'ry va - cant chair con -

mf

wel - come they shall be,..... The boys that moth - ers
tains a moth - er's son,..... To - night a - round the

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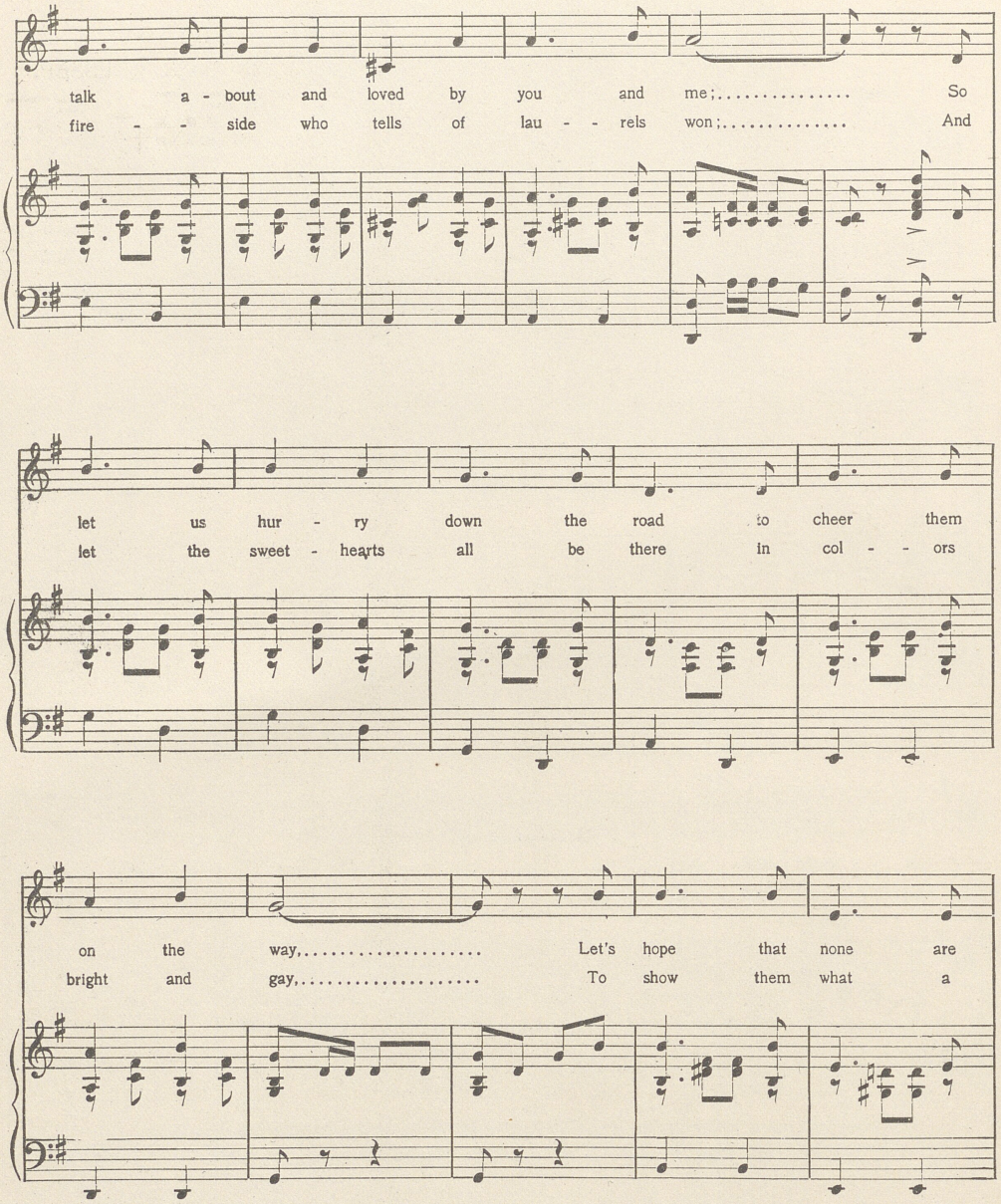
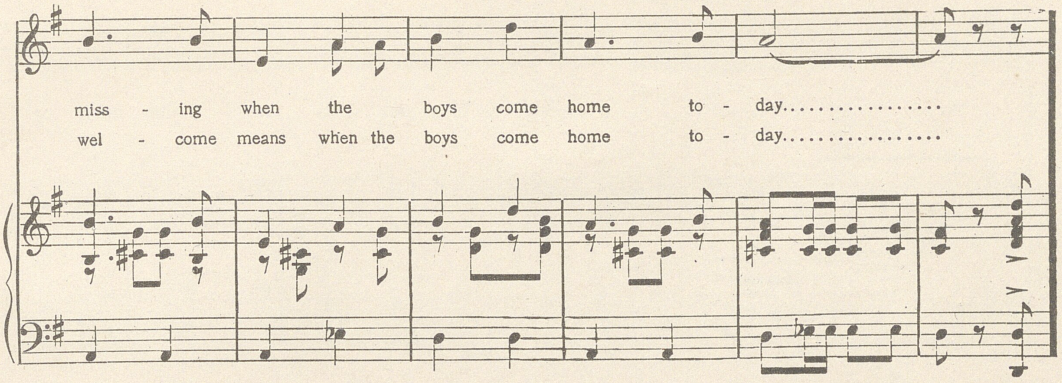
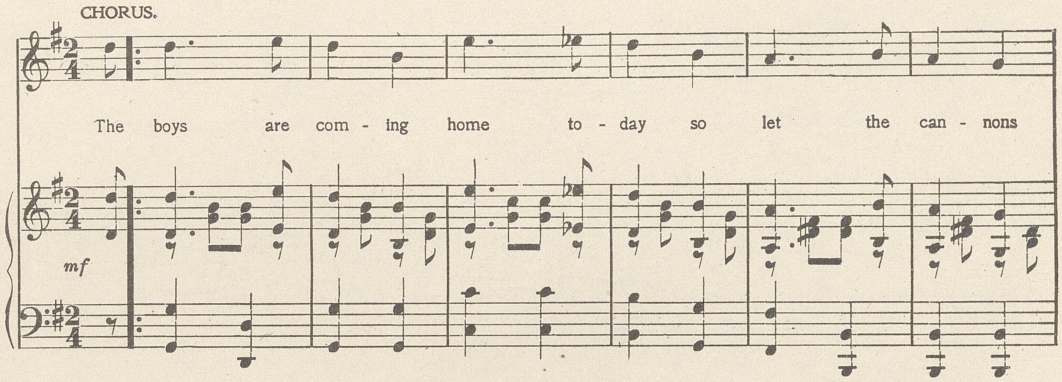
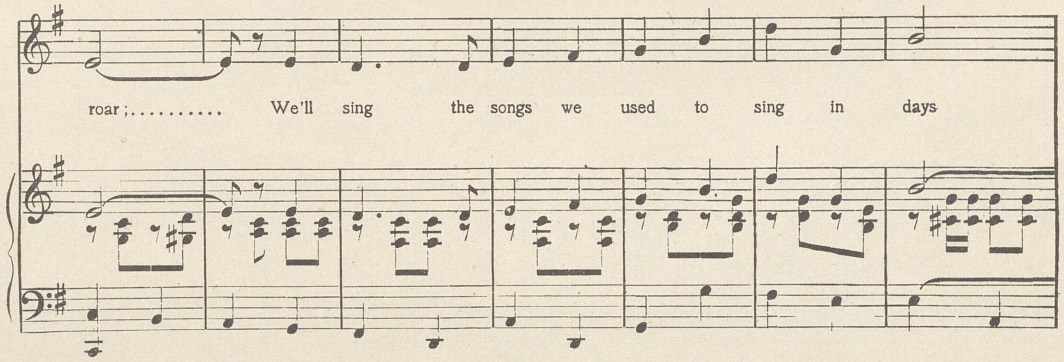


The Boys Are Coming Home To-day. 4 pp—2d p.







The Boys Are Coming Home To-day.

of yore,..... Fire the rock - ets till they reach up

to the heav'n - ly dome,..... Wave the flags, three cheers! the

boys are com - - ing home..... The home.....

Geo. Beaverson, 35 Frankfort St., N. Y.

YOUR MOTHER WANTS YOU HOME, BOY,
AND SHE WANTS YOU MIGHTY BAD

A mother near a window on a stormy winter's night
Thinks of one who wandered from the fold,
The tie that binds her heartstrings is broken and she prays
In silence to the shepherd king of old;
For years she never faltered, knowing that the clouds would break,
The lamp in her heart never fails to burn,
In some far distant city a wand'rer hears a voice,
The voice of mother bidding him return.

Chorus

And when the nights are stormy
And when the cold winds blow,
She stands there by the window
With an aching heart I know;
She looks into the darkness
With face so pale and sad,
Your mother wants you home, boy,
And she wants you mighty bad.

Poor soul, she's growing weary, weary watching day by day
With the flame of hope still in her eye,
Just like a good old mother, a something in her heart
Has whispered "He is coming bye and bye."
At last the pray'r is answered, don't you hear the rustling leaves
A step, she knows it, then a cry of joy
Oh mother I am with you, he takes her in his arms
And all that she can say is "Tom my boy!"

Your Mother Wants You Home, Boy.

(And She Wants You Mighty Bad.)

By PAUL DRESSER.

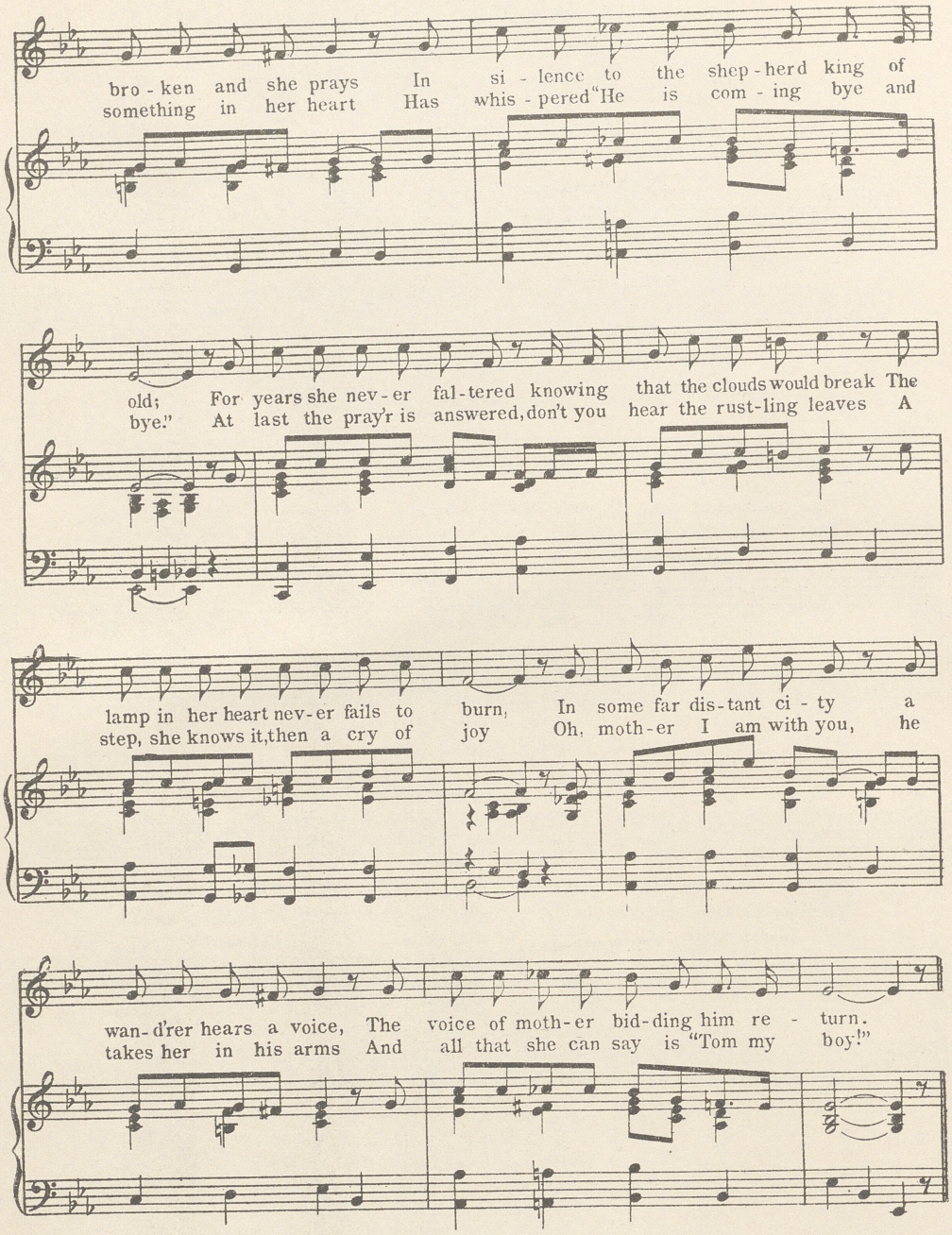
INTRO. Moderato.

mf

A moth - er near a win - dow on a storm - y win - ter's night
Poor soul, she's growing wea - ry, wea - ry watch - ing day by day

p

Thinks of one who wandered from the fold, The tie that binds her heartstrings is
With the flame of hope still in her eye, Just like a good old mother, a



Your mother. etc. 3.

And when the nights are stormy And when the cold winds blow, She

p

stands there by the win - dow With an ach - ing heart I know; She

looks in - to the dark-ness With face so pale and sad, Your

cresc. *dim.*

rit.

moth - er wants you home, boy, And she wants you might - y bad.

rit.

Your mother. etc 9.

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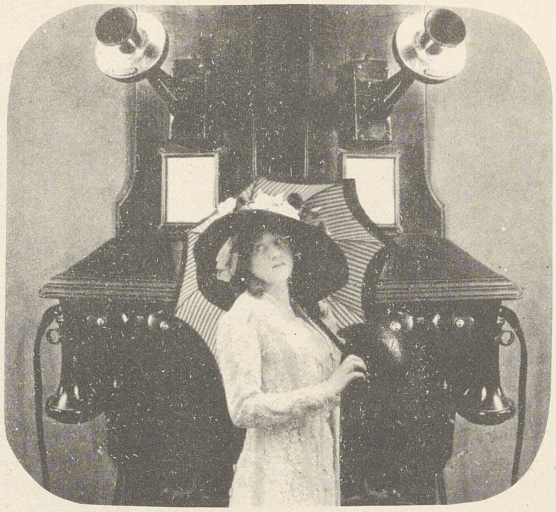

SHE WENT TO THE CITY

I wandered thro' the village, where I used to roam,
'Twas in the Indian summer time,
I saw the church and steeple upon the distant hill,
And I heard the old bell chime,
I sauntered down the old lane where I used to roam,
Arm in arm with sweetheart Nell,
Again I met the old folks and asked about my love, but
this was all that they would tell:

Chorus

She went to the city, 'twas all they would say,
She went to the city, far, far away,
And then I heard just the faintest sigh from two hearts
that yearned,
She grew kind o' restless and wanted to go,
Said she'd be back in a few weeks or so,
She went to the city with a tear in her eye, but she never
returned.

I understood the story and knew just what it meant,
Yet I could scarce restrain the tears,
I saw the gray-haired couple hand in hand alone,
And beyond the future years,
But hope was ever burning in the mother's breast,
Her little girl so sweet and fair
Was coming back and as I went along it seemed to me
these words came on the evening air:

SHE WENT TO THE CITY.

By PAUL DRESSER.

Andante moderato.

mf

poco rit.

I wan - dered thro the vil - lage, where I used to roam, 'Twas in the In - dian sum - mer
I un - der-stood the sto - ry and knew just what it meant, Yet I could scarce re-strain the

time,.... ..... I saw the church and stee - ple up - on the dis tant hill,..... And I
tears,..... I saw the gray-haired cou - ple hand in hand a - lone,.... And be-

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heard the old bell chime, ... I sauntered down the old lane where I used to roam,
yond the fu - ture years,..... But hope was ev - er burn - ing in the mother's breast, Her

Arm in arm with sweet - heart Nell,..... A - gain I met the old folks and
lit - tle girl so sweet and fair..... Was com - ing back and as I went a-

asked a - bout my love, but this was all that they would tell:.....
long it seemed to me these words came on the eve - ning air:.....

poco rit.

Went To The City

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

She went to the ci - ty, 'twas all they would say, She went to the ci - ty, far, far a - way,

And then I heard just the faint - est sigh from two hearts that yearned,..... She

grew kind o rest - less and want - ed to go, Said she'd be back in a few weeks or so, She

went to the ci - ty with a tear in her eye, but she nev - - er re - turned.....

She Went To The City.

WHEN I'M AWAY FROM YOU, DEAR

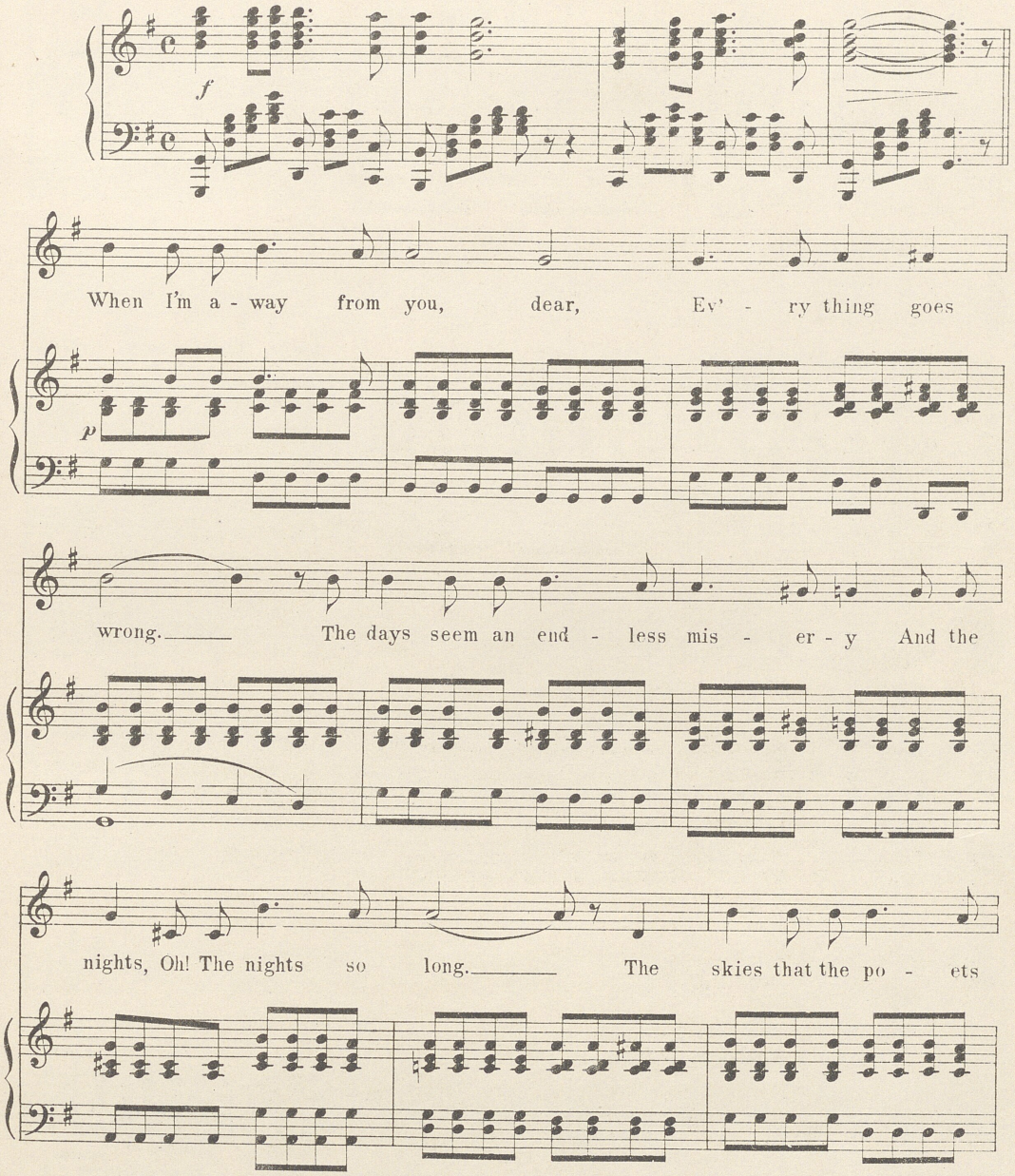
When I'm away from you, Dear,
Ev'rything goes wrong.
The days seem an endless misery
And the night, Oh! The nights so long
The skies that the poets dream of
Are anything but blue
And thoughts of a Heav'n are wanted, Dear,
When I'm away from you,
When I'm away from you,
When I'm away from you.

When I'm away from you, Dear,
The flowers droop and die,
They seem to share in my loneliness
And I'm wond'ring why
They should, for if those flowers could but read me thro'
and thro'
They would shrink for I hate them, Dear
When I'm away from you,
When I'm away from you,
When I'm away from you.

When I'm away from You, Dear.

Words & Music
by PAUL DRESSER.

Andante moderato.



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dream of Are an - y thing but blue And

thoughts of a Heav'n are want - ed, Dear, When I'm a - way from

you, When I'm a - way from you,

When I'm a - way from you.

poco rit. *f* *rit.*

When I'm &c.

When I'm a - way from you, Dear, The

mf

flow - ers drop and die, They

seem to share in my lone - li - ness And

yet I'm wond - 'ring why They

When I'm & etc.

should, for if those flow - ers could but read me thro' and

thro'_____ They would shrink for I hate them, Dear,

When I'm a - way from you;_____ When I'm a - way from

you;_____ When I'm a - way from you._____

rit.

TELLER, SONS & DORNER. NEW-YORK.

THE TOWN WHERE I WAS BORN

Just again to hear the village choir
Just to hear the songs they used to sing
Just to see the little church and spire
Half hidden by the trees in spring
Just to see the little running brook
Flowing on in peace toward the sea
Just the friends I knew,
With sweethearts tried and true seated beneath the sugar tree.

Chorus

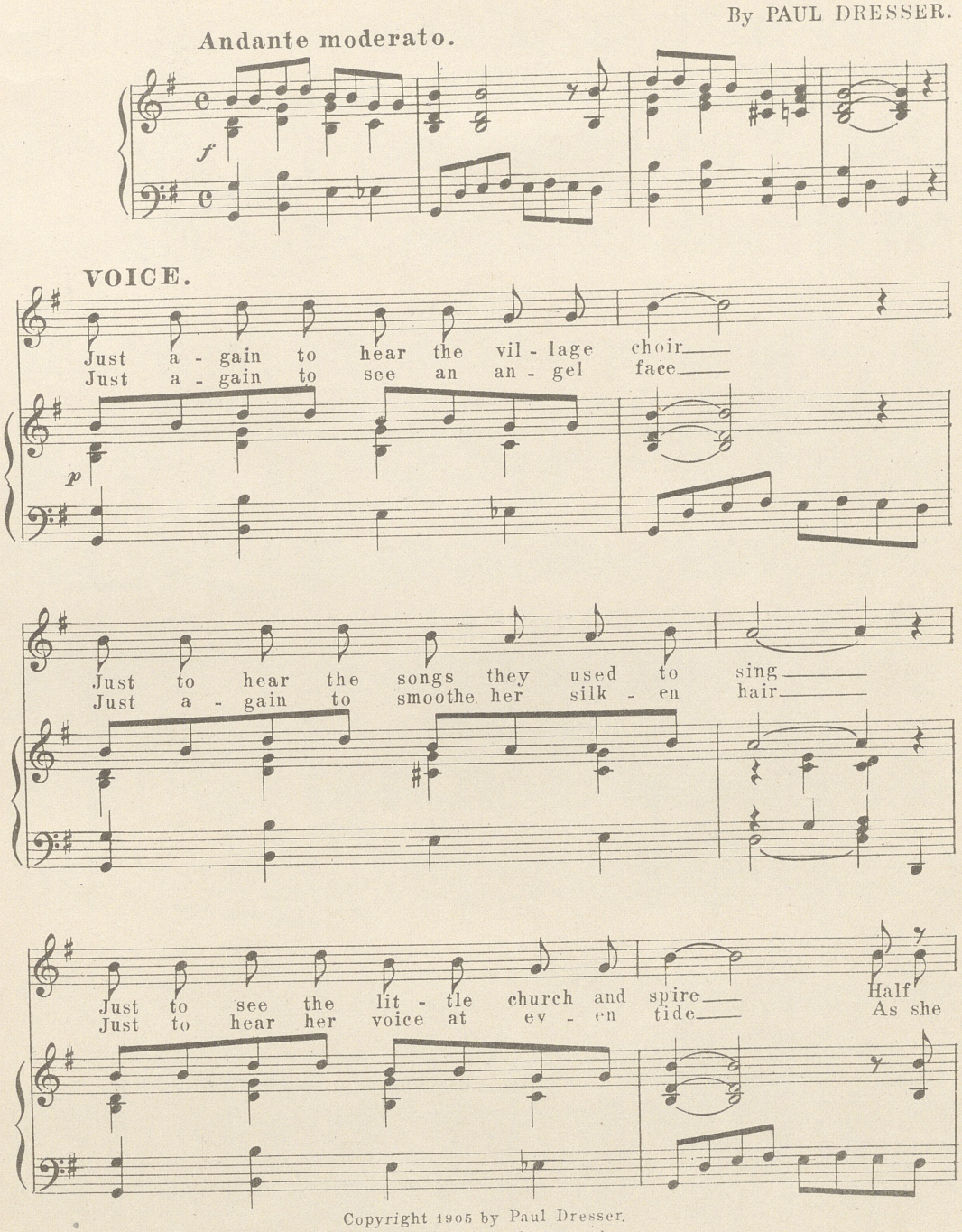
There were no brown stone mansions there,
No gilded halls of fame,
There were no silks or laces rare, all tarnished o'er with shame,
The smiles out there were genuine,
And hearts were seldom torn,
And friends tho' few, were staunch and true,
In the town where I was born.

Just again to see an angel face
Just again to smooth her silken hair
Just to hear her voice at eventide
As she taught to me a simple prayer
Just to feel the touch of someone's hand
Sending thro' my soul a lover's thrill
When her tears would start,
They seemed to melt my heart
I wonder of she's living still.

The Town Where I Was Born.

By PAUL DRESSER.

Andante moderato.



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hid - den by the trees in spring
taught to me a sim - ple prayer

Just to see the lit - tle run - ning brook
Just to feel the touch of some - ones hand

Flow - ing on in peace to-ward the sea
Send - ing thro' my soul a lov - ers thrill

Just the friends I knew, With
When her tears would start, They

sweet - hearts tried and true seat - ed be - neath the sug-ar tree.
seemed to melt my heart I won - der if she's liv-ing still.

The Town where &c.- 3.

CHORUS.

There were no brown stone man-sions there, No gil-ded halls of fame, There

p

were no silks or lac-es rare, all tar-nished o'er with shame, The

smiles out there were gen-u-ine, And hearts were sel-dom torn, And

rall. *a tempo.*

friends tho' few, were staunch and true, In the town where I was born.

rall. *a tempo.*

THE DAY THAT YOU GREW COLDER

The day has gone to come no more,
And while my heart is sad,
My love remains just as before,
When both our hearts were glad;
The tear, the sigh, in days gone by, to me can ne'er grow
old
For mem'ry paints a picture of the day that you grew cold.

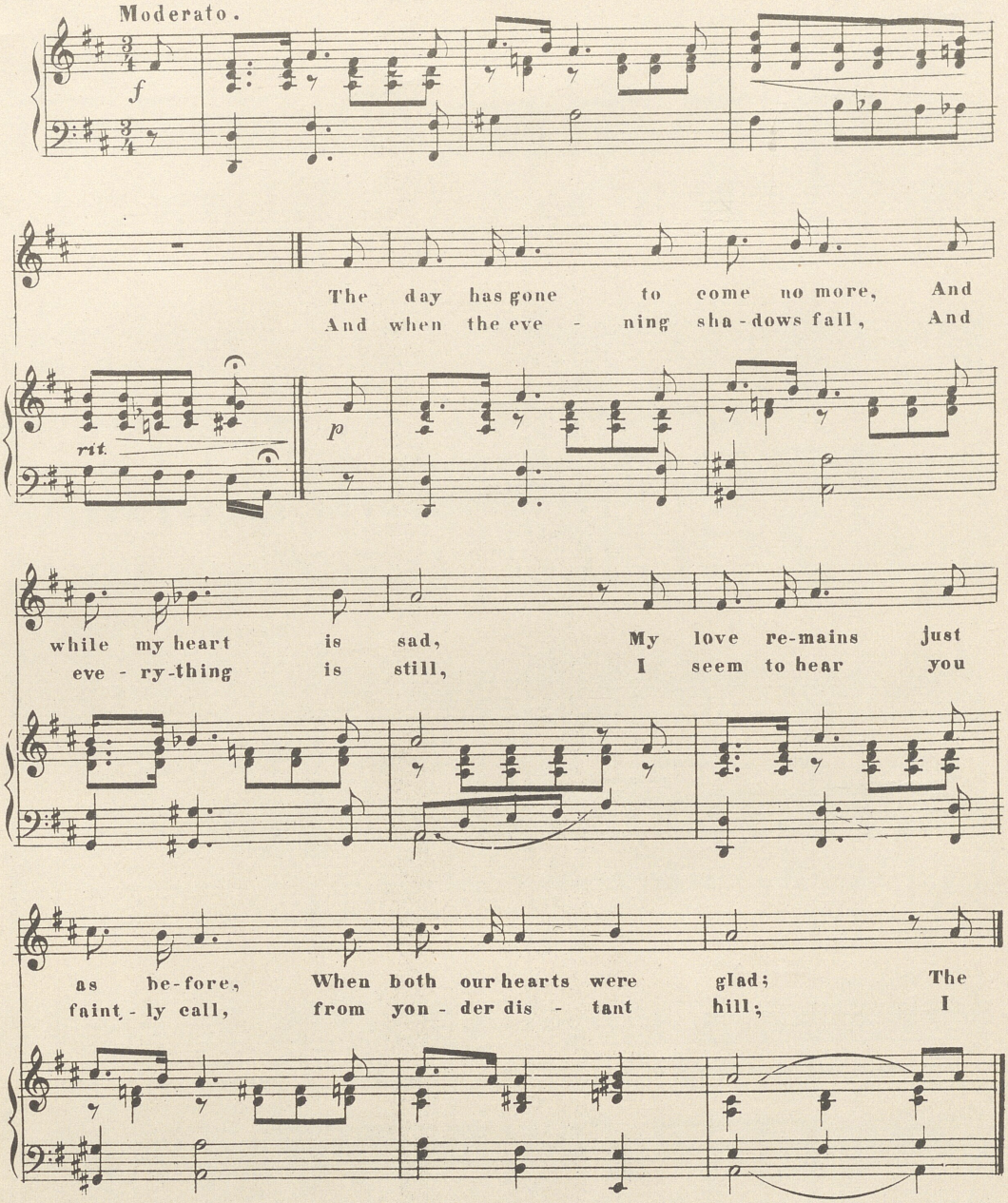
Chorus

The day that you grew colder,
Was the day that I grew older,
Not older by a day, but many years
The day my heart was aching,
The day it came near breaking,
The day that I shed many many tears
(After 2d verse only)
The day that you grew colder, the day that I grew older,
The day my love, that you grew cold.

And when the evening shadows fall,
And everything is still,
I seem to hear you faintly call,
From yonder distant hill;
I hasten on alone, my love, when like a poisoned dart
A something cries, "The voice you hear is deep down in
your heart."

"The Day That You Grew Colder"

PAUL DRESSER.



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tear, the sigh, in days gone by, to
hast - en on a - lone, my love, when

me can ne'er grow old..... For mem' - ry paints a
like, a pois - ened dart..... A some - thing cries, "The

pic - ture of the day that you grew cold.....
voice you hear is deep down in your heart".....

Chorus.

The day that you grew cold- er, Was the day that I grew old- er, Not

Grew Colder

old- er by a day, but man - y years..... The day my heart was aching, The

day it came near breaking, The day that I shed man-y man - y, tears.....

{*After 2nd verse only*}

The day that you grew cold - er, the day that I grew old - er, The

pp

day my love, that you grew cold.....

cres - cen - do.

f

Grew Colder

BETHLEHEM

I stood at the door of a stable in Bethlehem,
Under the mystic star,
And I saw the child Christ in a manger alone,
And I wondered oh Lord what we are.
I saw him swathed in the scantiest garb,
An object that some might despise,
But a halo shone round Him much brighter by far
Than the millions of lights in the skies.
So I knelt down oh Lord as a sinner should kneel,
At the sight of this God-given child
And my heart seem'd to fill with an ocean of fear.
Till I cried out in anguish wild,
For I felt that the holy of holies lay there.
With joy let the whole world ring,
He came but to die for our mis'rable souls
This Baby, the King of Kings.

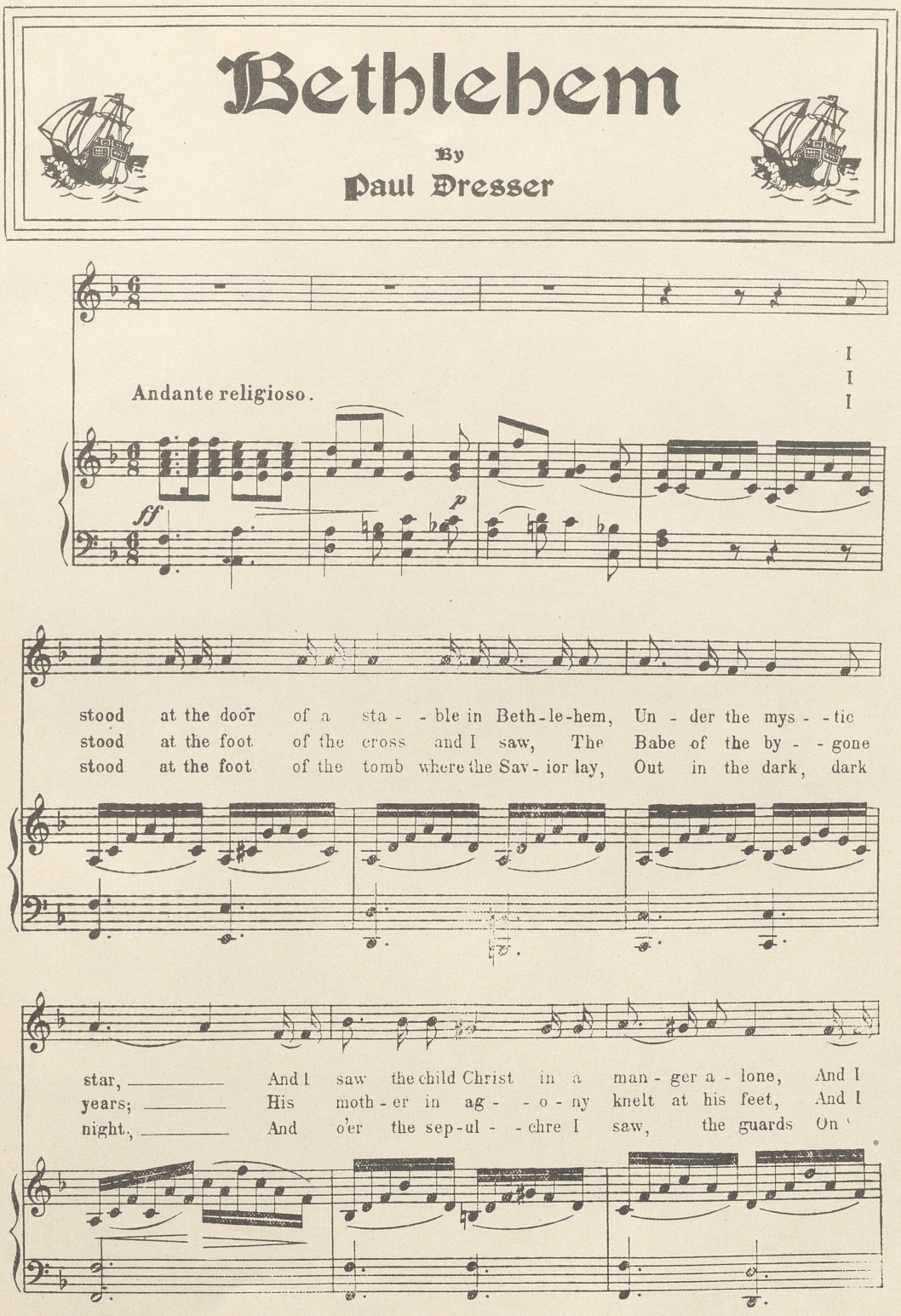
I stood at the foot of the cross and I saw,
The Babe of the bygone years;
His mother in agony knelt at his feet,
And I saw her eyes blind with the tears.
In fear of the past, I gazed at the face,
Of the Saviour in such distress
That I cried out aloud in that great wretched crowd
"Oh forgive me, oh pray forgiveness."
As I stood there transfixed at the sight of the thorns,
I felt all his heavenly grace,
But the dread hour of three had arrived and the clouds
Were lowering o'er the place
The thunders were roaring, the mighty rocks split
And heavenly tears were shed,
In sorrow the clouds opened up their flood gates,
They wept, Christ the King was dead.

I stood at the foot of the tomb where the Saviour lay,
Out in the dark, dark night,
And o'er the sepulchre I saw, the guards
On watch till the early morn's light.
I saw the two Marys hovering near,
The Mother and Magdalen too.
'Twas then that I felt what a sinner I was
A wretch knowing not what to do.
Just as the gray dawn appear'd in the east,
An angel majestic and grand
Threw off the stone while the guards were asleep
The triumph was almost at hand.
Like a sunburst of glory He came from the tomb,
All nations in God's name sing
In praise of the one who redeem'd the whole world—
The Christ, everlasting King.

Bethlehem

By

Paul Dresser



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3d Verse. 1 & 2. 3.

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Bethlehem 4

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Bethlehem.

MY GAL SAL

Chorus

They called her frivolous Sal,
A peculiar sort of a gal,
With a heart that was mellow,
An all 'round good fellow,
Was my old pal;
Your troubles, sorrows and care,
She was always willing to share,
A wild sort of devil,
But dead on the level,
Was my gal Sal.

Brought her little dainties just afore she died,
Promised she would meet me, on the other side;
Told her how I loved her, she said: "I know Jim,"
Just do your best, leave the rest to Him;
Gently I pressed her to my breast,
Soon she would take her last long rest,
She looked at me and murmured "Pal,"
And softly I whispered, "Good-bye Sal."

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